

THE

## UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST 15, 1836.

## HOW SHALL WE ADORN OUR DOCTRINE?

Original.

THROUGHOUT the writings of the apostle Paul, is discoverable an evident and earnest desire that the followers of Jesus Christ should so live as to commend his religion to the reception of mankind, for its purifying and moralizing influences. He instructs his son Titus to exhort the professed followers of the Redeemer at Crete, to 'adorn the doctrine of God our Savior, in all things.' And he urges this course, not only for their own peace and enjoyment—not only for the welfare of community at large—but from the assurance that of all means, this would the most effectually advance the interests of the gospel kingdom. The religion of Jesus had then but recently been proclaimed to the world. Its nature, its teachings and influences, were but little known; and it was rejected by the great majority of those to whom it was proclaimed, as unsound in theory and dangerous in its tendencies. And they, unquestionably, were as sincere in believing that Christianity led to immorality and every species of crime, as Christians were that its tendencies were all directly the reverse. Hence it became all important that those who publicly professed to be the disciples of the Savior, should demean themselves in such manner as not to bring reproach upon the cause they had espoused; but cause their conduct to be a practical, living refutation of the calumnies of their opposers. They professed to have abandoned the errors and superstitions of their fathers, and to have adopted the truth as it is in Christ Jesus—they professed to have emerged from darkness into a marvellous light—to have found a better way—to have adopted a system of faith of an ennobling, purifying and morally healthful character.

Now in view of these circumstances and professions, how should they conduct? Should they still walk in the spirit of their old heathen notions? With the increased light of the gospel, should they continue to be guided in their emotions and conduct, by the feeble taper of Paganism? With a greater degree of knowledge, should their moral standard be elevated no higher, than when groping in the darkness of ignorance? While professing to be swayed by more pure and exalted principles, should they continue to evince the evil dispositions, the sinful propensities, the debasing passions of their heathen neighbors and former companions? If so, what an instrument would they thus place in the hands of their enemies to wield to their destruction! Those who were seeking their overthrow, would exclaim to the people—'why should we forsake the religion of our ancestors, and give countenance to this new fangled system of one Jesus of Nazareth? Behold its effects upon those who profess it! It exerts upon them influences no more beneficial than did heathenism—it makes them no more virtuous, benevolent, or merciful than they were before embracing this new religion! Why then, should we adopt it?' And if in these words, they spoke truly, how could it be expected that Christianity should prosper? Of this character was the reasoning of Paul; and upon this basis did he through Titus, urge the Christian converts at Crete to 'adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things.'

The admonition of the apostle is peculiarly applicable to those who, at the present day, profess the doctrine of God's boundless, impartial love and mercy. Our distinctive views of Christianity, and their influences upon the heart of the believer, are now, probably, as little known or appreciated by the great mass of Christendom, as were the principles of the gospel by the



heathen world, in the age of Paul. Those who are unacquainted with the nature and teachings of our doctrine, view it as of the most dangerous tendency. They believe it to be the fountain of licentiousness and of every evil—they imagine it throws down all barriers to vice, and invites its votaries with a seducing voice, to the gratification of every sinful propensity! And these are the chief objections urged by our opposers against our sentiments. In the voice of reason they can hear nothing to contradict the position that an infinitely benevolent, wise and omnipotent God, will restore all his intelligent creation, all the objects of his love, from the dominion of sin and death, to a state of sinless happiness and perfection. In the Scriptures, although they imagine some passages militate against this sentiment, yet they will acknowledge that others seem, at least, greatly to favor it. But it is from the sinful tendency which they imagine the doctrine must exercise upon its believers, that they the most strenuously oppose it, as detrimental to the interests of religion, and the welfare of mankind. And while these impressions continue, they will ever feel it their duty to discountenance and oppose this sentiment to the extent of their ability.

As it is extremely desirable, not only for our own gratification, but for the interests of the cause of truth, that these impressions should be removed, how shall this object be accomplished? How shall we disabuse the public mind in regard to the supposed licentious tendency of our faith, and open people's eyes to the actual truth upon this subject? Shall we produce this result, by living precisely as our opposers insist our doctrine influences us to—in the practice of sin and iniquity? Shall we accomplish this object by being swayed by the spirit of doctrines directly the reverse of our own—by being passionate, revengeful, cruel, uncharitable, unforgiving, profane, intemperate and dishonest?—by being uninterested in the cause of religion and virtue?—by evincing a heedlessness whether truth or error prevails—whether society is distracted by discord and ill will, or a spirit of brotherly kindness and good will abounds? Impossible! Let me assure you, kind reader, that such conduct, such indifference as this—too often exhibited by those who profess a belief in universal grace—has in a great degree raised these prejudices, or at least, fed and strengthened them. And while such conduct is exhibited, the preju-

dices will exist. How, then, shall we remove them? By obeying the injunction of Paul—by 'adorning the doctrine of God our Savior, in all things.' Not by adorning it in one thing, and disgracing it in another; but by adorning it in *all things*! The apostle is very emphatic upon this point. Adorn it in all things, and it will become acceptable to the world.

But how shall we adorn our doctrine? Some of its professors endeavor to adorn it by *talking* in regard to its merits—by showing how amply it is supported by the dictates of reason and the testimony of revelation. This is well in its proper time and place; but it will not prove entirely satisfactory to the opposer—he looks for something more. Shall we adorn it by professions of righteousness, of benevolence and good will toward mankind? Such professions, at best, are but empty sounds; and their influence upon others, will be but trifling indeed. No—truly to adorn our doctrine—to adorn it in such manner as to commend it to the acceptance of the wise and good of all sects, we *must live in its spirit, and be guided by its principles*!

It is one striking peculiarity of religious truth, that its principles can be carried into full and practical effect in all the avocations and duties of life; and that to practise its dictates constantly, in all circumstances and conditions, is to adorn it in the highest possible manner. But it is not so with religious error. Those who have been so unfortunate as to imbibe erroneous doctrines, cannot live in the spirit of those doctrines, or exhibit their principles in the pursuits of life, without universal reprobation and discountenance from the mass of civilized community! For instance—Here is an individual holding a doctrine which inculcates virtually the principle of revenge; which teaches that Deity will *retaliate* upon his offspring for their errors, and forever return unto them evil for evil! Now let him carry this doctrine into practice in his own conduct—let him seek revenge for every supposed injury—let him return evil for evil, and satiate his rage in the destruction of those who have offended him, and what will be the effect? Will he be approbated? Will his doctrine, thus recommended, be favorably received by mankind? Impossible! Again. In the faith of the same individual are also found the ingredient of partiality and favoritism. He believes the Creator dispenses his most valuable and enduring blessings among his creatures, entirely upon the



ground of partiality for one, and hatred toward another. Let the believer live in the spirit of *this* doctrine—let him carry it into effect in his own family of children; caressing one or two favored ones, heaping all his favors upon them, while he treats the others with the most utter neglect, yea, inflicting upon them all the miseries his cruel mind can conceive! Would mankind relish such principles as these? Would they be inclined to adopt them as of great value to carry into general practice in society? No, no, they would reject them with scorn and disgust.

From these illustrations it can be perceived that people who entertain doctrines possessing the principles of retaliation, partiality, and all others of a kindred character, cannot live before the world in their spirit—cannot allow them to govern their actions in their intercourse with the world; because were they to do so, their systems of religion would at once fall into disrepute, and all benevolent, just and enlightened men, would with one accord, reject them. Yea, were many people compelled to proceed in their own families, upon the same principles that they believe God is guided by in his dealings with his numerous earthly family, I am satisfied, rather than to do so, they would renounce these partial notions forever! While they have hearts of flesh, they will find it impossible to feel toward any of their children, as their creeds instruct them their heavenly Father feels towards vast numbers of his offspring. Hence they cannot live in the spirit of the faith they profess.

People who entertain such doctrines cannot adorn them by practising their distinctive, fundamental principles; but are compelled to conceal these principles, and keep them as far as possible from the scrutiny of the public eye. Hence to adorn their doctrines to the acceptance of mankind, they must depart from their promptings—they must live in direct opposition to their peculiar doctrinal teachings, and exhibit the spirit of some other sentiment, of an entire different character. All the adornment which doctrines of partiality, injustice and cruelty can assume, must be borrowed garments; and the looseness and irregularity of their fit, plainly indicate that they were not made to the shape, but are an entire foreign garb. And herein is a valuable criterion to test the truth of doctrines. If an individual professes belief in a sentiment, the distinctive principles of which he dare not and cannot carry into every day practice, it should be a

sure indication to himself and to all the world, that his faith is foreign to the gospel of Jesus Christ. For one of the highest excellencies of that gospel is, that *all* its principles are peculiarly calculated to exert a beneficial influence, when adopted as a guide for intercourse between man and man.

It is a cheering and grateful assurance, that Universalists profess a sentiment in the true, full *spirit* of which we can live—a doctrine which does not possess one principle that we cannot put into operation with the most valuable results, in our families, in society at large, and in every condition and circumstance of life. It is truly gratifying to reflect that we entertain a faith, in the principles of which, good men, benevolent, kind, virtuous people, of every sect, clime and nation, habitually live; and without the promptings of which, not a good action can be performed, or a righteous thought exercised. And to adorn this doctrine, we have not to forsake its teachings, or conceal its principles, and adopt those of some other faith. But the most obvious way to ornament it, the most successful method to display its intrinsic beauty and great value, the most effectually to recommend it to the favor and reception of those who are now opposed to it, is, as I before remarked, to live in its spirit, carry into practice all its principles, and be guided solely by its precepts. Let its heavenly and benign influences upon the heart, its purifying and ennobling promptings in the mind, be witnessed by mankind in the conduct of its professors, and the most effectual weapon of opposition would be taken from the hands of those who would injure us. It is a most striking circumstance, which should awaken the reflection of our opposers, that while all the distinguishing characteristics of Universalism are practised with the most salutary and beneficial effect, in every condition of life, there is not another doctrine professed by men, which does not contain principles that cannot be practised in any situation or circumstance, without producing the most deleterious results.

What are the principal characteristics of our doctrine, and how shall we adorn them? Let us briefly examine these points.

1. *Impartiality.* The faith which we profess, presents the Deity to view, as an impartial being. It teaches that he dispenses his favors to all his dependant creatures, upon the broad, immutable principle of impartial goodness; that the



same emotion which causes him to bless one child of Adam, also influences him to bless the whole race. We hold that the movements of the laws of nature and of Providence, distinctly indicate this trait of impartiality in the Creator. The luxurious bounties of nature are spread out for the support of all ; from the same bountiful hand, all are fed ; by the same Providence all are sustained their allotted time ; the Son of God suffered death for all, and Jehovah has recorded his will that all shall be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. Impartiality then, is one of the most prominent characteristics of our faith. And how shall we adorn it ? By being partial in our own conduct ? By selecting favorites from among those who are dependant upon us, who receive all our favors, to the injury of others ? No. To adorn the doctrine of impartiality, we must indicate that we respect it ourselves ; we must show that we are influenced by its promptings, by treating all our fellow beings with the same disposition of kindness and good will. Not, it is true, to approbate or countenance the errors or vices of any ; but yet, even toward the most ignorant and vicious of our race, to display that emotion of affection and compassion, which indicates that we are willing to acknowledge them the offspring of our common Father, though wayward, prodigal, blind, and justly exposed to his righteous chastisements.

2. *Benevolence*, is another important trait in our system of doctrines. We view benevolence as one of the most valuable qualities in the character of the God we worship. It is discoverable in all his works of creation, in the dispensations of providence, and especially in the plan of redemption, by which he has purposed to raise the human family to a state of happiness and perfection. Benevolence is a principle so valuable, that it must be the desire of every good heart to see it prevail throughout the world. For we are all sensible that a lack of this principle has ever been a fruitful cause of bloodshed and wretchedness among the children of men. It is therefore, extremely desirable, that mankind should believe in the perfect benevolence of God ; not only from the soothing influence which such a belief would exercise upon them in a doctrinal point of view, but from the consideration that by beholding it in their Creator, they would be led to imitate it in their own conduct.

How shall we recommend this sentiment of universal benevolence to the reception of man-

kind ? How shall we induce them to examine those evidences by which they may be convinced that it exists in perfection in the counsels of Jehovah ? Not by living in opposition to its dictates ; not by being uncharitable and inhospitable ; not by turning a deaf ear to the petition of objects of distress ; not by refusing to take part in every scheme for the benefit of our race, but to recommend it to others we must adorn it ourselves. We must show by our conduct, that a belief in God's universal benevolence, so far from leading to sin or hardness of heart, has an influence precisely the reverse, softening our feelings into pity and compassion for the unfortunate of our race. We should therefore, ever exhibit a spirit of benevolence in all our conduct through life. We should indicate that it is an indwelling, abiding principle, not by proclaiming to the world how exceedingly benevolent we feel, and at the same time confining our charities to a few friends, or to forwarding the interests of a favorite sect, but by acting upon the broad, legitimate principles of benevolence ; by the alacrity and cheerfulness with which we contribute as far as our means will consistently allow, to the relief of want and distress, wherever it may be found. Let us uniformly live under the influence of the spirit of universal benevolence, one of the loveliest traits in our doctrine ; and thus shall we most successfully recommend it to the reception of our fellow beings.

3. *Justice*, we also view as a prominent characteristic in Jehovah. We believe him to be strictly and impartially just in his proceedings with the children of men, rendering unto all that which they merit, in due season ; but at the same time we maintain that his justice does not and cannot demand the endless punishment of the sinner, requiring rather, such chastisement as shall eventuate in the amendment and reformation of the culprit. These views of God's justice we believe to be both scriptural and reasonable. And we deem it of great importance to the morality and well being of community, that they be received and adopted by every citizen. But to forward this purpose, we must be exceedingly cautious to adorn this doctrine in our own conduct. If, while entertaining these views of the Creator's justice, we are unjust, fraudulent, dishonest and vicious ourselves, so far from recommending them to those who now reject them, we should rather confirm them still stronger in their prejudices. To adorn our views of the justice



of the Deity, and recommend them to others, they must be strictly and invariably exhibited in all our dealings with mankind.

4. *Mercy* is a beautiful attribute of the God we worship. With the Psalmist, we rejoice in the belief, that 'His tender mercies are over all his works.' Would we adorn this belief? Would we recommend it to the reception of mankind everywhere? Let, then, the heavenly attribute shine in our own conduct. In inflicting chastisement upon those in our power, even though it be a brute, let us not allow anger or cruelty to gain an ascendancy over compassion. In the midst of justice, mercy should be remembered. She is the fair daughter of heaven, despatched to sooth and allay the turbulent waves of passion. Let us invite the celestial spirit to dwell forever in our bosoms, that it may sweeten every temper and emotion. Thus shall we commend it to others; and cause them not only to live under its sweet influence, but also to look up to God as the inexhaustible fountain of mercy, mercy infinitely sufficient to wash away the impurities and imperfections of all the family of man.

Finally, let every believer in the boundless love of Jehovah, heed the admonition of the apostle, and 'adorn the doctrine of God our Savior, in all things.' The eyes of the world are upon us; and our conduct is scrutinized with the utmost vigilance, to find wherewith to injure us. The transgressions of Christians of other sects, are charitably attributed to the imperfections of human nature. But when we do that which is wrong, it is charged at once to the licentious tendency of our faith. Let this circumstance have its due weight upon us; let it cause us to become still more watchful, to keep a strict guard upon our actions and even words, that as far as possible we may live in the constant exercise of the pure, benevolent principles of the doctrine of universal grace.

J. M. A.

Danvers, Mass.

**WOMAN.** Without female society, it has been justly said, that the beginning of men's lives would be helpless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort.

**MAN'S RELIANCE ON WOMAN.** Men seldom or never trust men with their secrets, and their ambitious projects, but they will trust a woman with almost anything. Hence successful diplomatists almost always work with the softer sex.

## DEATH OF INFANTS.

Original.

'He died—but that fond mother  
Her sorrow did restrain,  
For she knew he was with Jesus,  
And she asked him not again.'

'TAKE heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' Such is a beautiful emblematic representation of the care of Divine Providence over little children; and to the heart of every believing parent the assurance of the Savior's words must bring holy and sustaining comfort. Christianity forbids the despising of a single little one, though it may be but as a blossom of beauty, seen, and gone; He, before whose eye all things are open, has seen that slender form, and the brilliant eye of infant innocence has not closed unknown to God, nor did he permit the protecting care of his spirit to depart when the lily shroud enrobed the beauteous form of infancy, and parental tears bedewed the faded flower, they could not call back to health.

We would remember the Savior's interest in little children—we would think of his tenderness when there 'were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray;' and learning from this, we would take heed and despise not the smallest of the infantile race, nor permit them to go away from our midst unnoticed. Perhaps some would make light of our task—think that it were a small affair to notice the deaths of infants, but we do not thus judge, and the feeling heart knows that pure and holy feelings are awakened by meditation on the departure of those

'That were so like fair forms of light,  
That heaven benignly called them hence,  
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight  
O'er their sweet innocence;  
And they, that brighter home to bless,  
Are pass'd, with all their loveliness.'

The duties of the sanctuary for this day are past. The prayer hath gone up to the Father of mercies that the sanctifying influences of his good spirit may attend the parents from whom the dispensations of his wisdom have taken three infants; THREE infant forms have been during the past week given up to him who said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven;' O how many



prayers have been breathed, hopes uttered, and tears shed, over those little ones ; how much of human sympathy could the short history of their brief existence unfold, and remind us again of the vanity of human hopes and anticipations, and lead us by the sweet influences of devotion to contemplate the attractions of Heaven—the character of that God who is the light of childhood's sunny hour, and the rich hopes given through the Beloved.

As we have gazed on the sleeping innocent, reposing in unearthly beauty, we could not but mentally acknowledge it as a privilege to be permitted to look upon the infant dead. If there is on earth a sight that can hush the heart, soften the feelings, and make man feel the presence of the first Author of beauty, it is the view of an infant corse, beautiful even in death, like the budding rose checked in its unfoldings, and the more lovely than the expanded flower.

Who can think of death with gloom while gazing there ? And is this the visitation of that dreaded power whose name sends coldness through the manly frame ? The mild and placid features of that babe, no longer distorted by distress, tell of nought but peace and quietness ; and the holy loveliness of the expression that lingers on that cherub countenance, so full of heaven, calls up all the tender emotions of the heart and soul, and all that is harsh and boisterous slumbers in the breast. Could we always be as holy, and quiet in our passions, as then, our paths would be freed of much that now pains our footsteps, and the rudeness of anger would never arise to harm the kind affections.

When we behold the little one suffer for a short time, and then die, the mourning heart is sometimes oppressed by the thought that springs up from within—Why is it so—why are these innocents thus brought into being to suffer awhile, and then fall to sleep in death ? That such a circumstance can be reconciled with the goodness of the Creator, to us is evident—his care is over them, unseen, but near, and well he knew what hour was best to call them home. Omniscience, penetrating the dark future, could see what would be the fate of the child were it permitted to live—he could see the circumstances in which it would be placed, and his purposes did not ordain that it should perform an active part in the economy of things ; he therefore sent his angels to take its little hands, and lead it to smile on death, and then enter amid the cherubic host of heaven.

As believers in the revelations of the gospel of Jesus Christ, we must regard every human being as an heir of eternal glory, and Jesus forbids our refusing to number the little ones amid the celestial band ; he who on earth took to his embrace *miniature humanity*, will not refuse to introduce them into the blest mansions of the spirit's home ; and though parents mourn over the very early departure of their charge, they may be comforted by the Savior's assurances, and should not deem it a slight thing that God has permitted them to bring into existence recipients of immortal bliss.

They are gone in the beauty of their purity—like a lily leaf tinged with the smile of heaven, and borne upward from our sight—far away from the impurities of earth, where not a stain can dim its native whiteness. Let us think of the griefs, the temptations, the pains, and the trials, from which they are delivered, and then we shall be enabled from the heart to say—it is well. What parent would not rather kiss for the last time the lips of her child while it was yet an infant, than have it grow up to seek a drunkard's, or a felon's grave ? The society of the infant was to the mother a sweet relief for many a weary hour, but her loneliness is better than to retain her child, and mark its downward career—to see virtue after virtue depart, and all the beauty of its innocence lost in the deformity of vice.

But had the child lived, say the bereaved parents, we meant to have cultivated its heart, given a right direction to its affections, enlightened its mind, and educated it to be virtuous and happy. But could the parent be near in every hour of need, to ward off temptation, and save the child where thousands have fallen—fallen after having received as good an education as human foresight could bestow. Let not humanity be too presumptuous—remember that the one you hoped would have been an honor and comfort to you, might, had it lived, become the reverse ; mourn not then, that the bud has been taken from the parent stem before the nestling and corroding worm had found a home in its fair bosom ; but bless the wise Florist who has conveyed it to the garden of God, to bloom in immortal freshness, where storms and blight are not known, and death never comes.

B\*.

East Cambridge. Sunday Eve.

Knowledge has been aptly compared to the tree of life—cannot be desired, and remained untasted.



## TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Original.

I SAT beside a flowing stream  
 Whose waves were crown'd with golden crest,  
 As they reflected the gorgeous beam  
 Of parting day upon their breast.  
 But soon the heavens darker grew,  
 For faded was the sun's last gleam ;  
 Then vanished was the river's hue,  
 And black the waters of the stream.

O then I thought those changeful waves  
 Were like the deeds of passing man ;  
 Bright, when his course he onward braves,  
 And heaven's clear light we thereon scan ;—  
 But oh ! how changed, when faded all  
 Diviner wisdom's brightening rays,  
 When sunk his sun 'neath guilt's black pall,  
 And folly turns to night his days.

ELLEN.

Charlestown.

## THE DESERTED ARBOR.

Original.

FOUR years had passed over my head, since I visited the home of my youth—the pleasant walks, the ancient wood, the woodbines, and the little shady lake, so sweetly hallowed by the associations of early childhood. In all that time, I had been in the thick bustle of the world. I had urged my way among the selfish, the cold, the proud, and the ambitious. But I had not forgotten the land of my forefathers—the pleasant paths of my early youth. I had been far from home, and very seldom did I hear from there, which was the more to be regretted, as I had treasured up all my affections in that one spot. I had found nothing real since I left it. The friendships, the combinations, and partnerships into which I had subsequently entered were not the union of soul, of heart, and feeling, but they were merely the calculating connections which men form with each other for purposes of self-interest—professions of regard which imply nothing—flatteries hollow and heartless, and correspondences founded wholly upon interest and convenience. But although compelled to be thus in the busy world, for a time, and distant from the objects of my affection, my mind recurred often to the scenes of my boyhood, and I resolved as soon as I was able to leave my stirring

employment, to return to those peaceful shades, and there end my days in the enjoyment of the unsophisticated happiness always to be found among the pure and innocent. In four years, I was enabled to close my business and return. As I approached the hamlet where I was born, I expected to meet some of my young companions of former days wandering, as usual, over the fertile plains, or lingering by the fountains, around which we had so often played. On coming to a turn in the road, I suddenly beheld a high wooded hill, where in our rambles we used to repair to gather berries and hazle nuts. The tall trees flashed upon my view, and a thousand joyful reminiscences arose in my mind. The same shapes and the same colors were there—the hoary rock to whose summit I had so often climbed—the lofty pine which stood on the brow of a precipice, forever threatening to plunge in ruin down the crag when the storm raged among the branches, and yet forever immovable and steadfast—the long grass waving in the breeze on the side hill—and the dwarf apple trees that skirted the dell. All these things looked as they did when I left them—and, distant as they still were from me, imagination almost brought to my ears the ringing laugh and merry cries of the companions of my childhood. I was still young, and my heart was open to innocent pleasure. I longed to meet with my well remembered friends, to climb the hills with them once more, and bathe as of yore in the crystal flood that watered the grounds of my ancestors. At length, the large old fashioned cottage in which I was born, greeted my view. I saw the garden in the rear. I saw the pear trees, loaded with fruit—the hollyhock, the roses, and the currant bushes, all rejoicing in the rays of a summer sun. I leaped from the slow stage, and resolved to pursue the rest of my way on foot. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and a gentle zephyr was cooling the atmosphere. I came in sight of an arbor, a delightful spot, where I had been accustomed to spend many an hour, on an afternoon like the present, with young people of both sexes. To this arbor I bent my way. I was surprised at the silence and solitude of the grounds over which I walked. The wild flowers still spangled the verdant carpet on which I trod—the wing of the robin still swept the tops of the high weeds and the long grass—the swallow's cry was heard—and the frogs croaked hoarsely in the marsh. Nature was still as bright



and beautiful as ever. But I saw not the print of the light footed damsel upon the tender herbage. I heard not the voice of youthful mirth on the heath. Afar off I could see the solitary husbandman alone in his field, slowly toiling, and breaking up the mould for the passage of the young corn; and the distant sound of the mower sharpening his scythe smote my ear. But my young playmates were not to be seen. I felt desolate and alone. I approached the arbor. I saw not the garlands with which it used to be hung. I heard not the song or the jocund shout of my companions. The moaning zephyr swept through the deserted space. The little table, around which we once sat, was broken and half covered up with leaves. The seats were matted, and loaded with dust. There was an appearance of utter desolation within this once delightful retreat. I fled from the premises, and walked sorrowfully homeward. I gained my father's house before the sun went down. As I drew near the venerable mansion, I beheld an old man seated in the porch in an easy chair. Deep wrinkles furrowed his cheeks—an expression of melancholy rested on his brow. It was not until I had reached the gate that I recognized in that worn and decayed form, my father, whom I had left in excellent health, and in the full enjoyment of all his faculties. I hastened forward to embrace him. He did not seem to know me. He nodded civilly, and asked me to be seated. I told him who I was. He appeared surprised and agitated; but no glow of pleasure was on his cheek. Alas! the shaft had been sped which chased pleasure forever from his bosom. I soon learned that my mother had been dead two years. My father had never been himself from the hour she was laid in the grave. He had fast failed both in mind and body, and was now completely broken down. A premature old age had come upon him, and he was rendered unfit for any business. I sought my sister within. I had left her a blooming girl—intellectual and talented—gay and sprightly as a lark. I found her an attenuated, sallow, and querulous being. She was glad of my return. She greeted me affectionately; but with a sort of mournful joy that went to my heart.

'Sister,' said I—'you appear unwell. What has happened to you? Ere I left home, you were the most cheerful'— Here I ceased, for the tears filled her eyes, and she sighed deeply. In a moment, a rough and dull looking man enter-

ed the room. My sister arose, and introduced him to me as her husband. I was shocked! such a girl as my sister was when I left! Such taste, beauty, and such a mind to be united with a man of such a mould! I soon learned the truth. She had married him out of pity. She had thrown away her own happiness, to gratify one who was utterly incapable of appreciating her; and the result was, that neither of them were blessed. I now made some inquiries after my old acquaintances. The answers were calculated to add to the gloom which already weighed my spirit to the dust. One fine young man with whom I had been intimately acquainted, had become the victim of intemperance, and now a miserable pauper, dependant upon the town for support. One lovely damsel whom I had often admired for the excellent qualities of her heart, had married a prodigal, who had wasted the patrimony which she brought him, and had gone beyond sea. She, with two bright and interesting babes, had been reduced to the most abject poverty, and were now in the poor house. All my former acquaintances were either married and settled in life, or had removed, or come to ruin.

'No wonder,' thought I, 'that the arbor is deserted! Alas! for the happy spring of our existence. Flowers spring up on every side of us—the air is filled with fragrance, and our innocent hearts bound with joy. Anon the storm arises. Blight and misfortune overwhelm us, and scatter our budding hopes in the dust. Truly did our Redeemer say, 'In the world, ye shall have trouble!' I will look forward with hope to that better country, where the spring is perennial—where eternal youth and sunshine reign, for it is an unchangeable truth that

'He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies.'

**SABBATH MORNING.** At this hour thousands are worshipping before their God. Nations are hymning his praises in unison with each other. Princes have descended from their thrones, and are lifting up their voices to the infinite Jehovah.

THE greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.



## ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

Original.

SLEEP, in thy infant innocence,  
 Thou of the laughing eye !  
 A father's near for thy defence,—  
 A mother's love is nigh.  
 Sleep, ere thy spirit's joyous tone  
 Is chang'd to notes most sad ;  
 Ere grief, or sin, to thee are known—  
 While thy pure heart is glad.  
 Sleep, for the time is hastening nigh  
 When dark will be thy dreams,  
 As black clouds of the stormy sky  
 Darken the crystal stream.

God of the bright and happy hours,  
 That bless the infant soul !  
 Send down, we pray, blest guardian pow'rs,  
 This child's fate to control.  
 O may its life be beautiful  
 Before thy holy sight ;—  
 To keep its heart pure, dutiful,  
 Be ever its delight.  
 And when Thy fiat doth recall  
 This infant to its home,  
 O then in 'bedience to the call  
 May it in gladness come.

E. Cambridge.

B\*.

## SCRAPS FOR THE REFLECTING.

Original.

RELIGION is of great importance to mankind ; but true religion is preferable to false, and true religion is more happyfying than erroneous faith. The benevolent mind derives the greatest pleasure from plans that propose the most happiness for mankind ; universal salvation proposes the perfect bliss of all ; and therefore that doctrine must be true, as truth is on the side of the greatest amount of happiness.

If universal salvation be false, then error is the source of the greatest amount of happiness to the benevolent mind. But this cannot be, as truth is preferable to error, for God is truth, and the source of happiness ; hence universal salvation is truth, and endless misery is error ; for a belief that God will ultimately make all happy by freeing them from sin, is the source of the greatest possible felicity—this alone can give 'joy and peace in believing'—this alone can fill the soul 'with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' 'Search the scriptures.'

1. Tim. ii. 3. 4 : 'God our Savior who will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.' 1. Whose will is here spoken of? The will of the OMNIPOTENT God ; therefore nothing can prevent the final accomplishment of the end proposed. 2. To whom does the proposition relate? To all men. 3. What does it propose? Salvation from corruption and ignorance, and being brought to the knowledge of the truth, that maketh free indeed. 4. Will this end be accomplished? We repeat that it will, for he that willeth to do after his own good pleasure, is OMNIPOTENT. As he willed the *end*, he also willed the *means*—the one is nought without the other ; and this *means* of salvation he wills shall pass on all men. 'Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?' Verily he doth his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth ; none can stay his hand, or triumphantly say unto him, 'What doest thou?' Says the Psalmist, 'God hath spoken once ; twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God. Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy.'

## MUSIC AND SINGING.

Original.

ACCEPTABLE praise, like acceptable prayer, must be the united offering of the mind and heart. The affections must be engaged, that we may sing in the spirit of love and gratitude ; and the intellect must be awakened, that we may be conscious of the excellence and dignity which belongs unto Him whom we praise, and of the sentiments we breathe as grateful ascriptions unto the Most High.

Praise is the natural language of the believing heart—it is joyous speech—the melody of the soul. And when the warm song of thanksgiving goes up to the throne of the Father, the spirit of the believer is quickened with new life, and every shout of gladsome praise brings him to nearer and nearer communion with the Eternal ; and he feels conscious that earth affords no source of enjoyment, so pure, so exquisite, so dear to the soul, as that of singing the songs of Zion—the love of the Redeemer, and the renovating grace of God.

From time immemorial, love, veneration and



gratitude, have used song as a vehicle to convey their offerings, and music has gone with it to give grace to the tribute. And in all ages of the world, and in every form of religion, music has been used, and made a part of the intercourse which man would maintain with the Supreme. Music and poetry have been coeval; and from the primitive days of the world until now, the effect of harmonious sound on the mind has been such to calm, animate, and arouse, that all nations have availed themselves of its aid, to fire the soul with dauntless courage in the hour of battle—to enliven and tune to joy every chord of the harp of the mind in the time of festivity; and to fill the soul with rapture—elevate the affections, and calm the mind, at the seasons of worship.

The peculiar character of every religion may be seen in its public worship; whether it is a religion that awakes the heart and understanding; or one that permits the inner man to remain inactive, its worship a mere ceremonial, mechanical, outward service. The more enlightened a system of religion is, the more simple and intellectual will be its public worship; the mind will triumph over the senses, and the believer, like Paul, will pray and sing with the spirit and with the understanding also.

But in order that we may be influenced to thus worship God 'in spirit and in truth,' we must have right views concerning his character. For we cannot rightly reverence man, or in truth praise the worthy, until we have a knowledge of the true character, and understand what the excellencies are which demand our praise. Before we can understandingly, and in the spirit of truth, praise such a character as John Howard, we must become acquainted with his good deeds, his unconquered sympathy for suffering humanity; and the more we know of this benevolence of action, the more we can praise, and the more of the heart will be the offering. And so it is with the Divinity of the universe; the more we know of Him—the more we understand of the benevolence of his dealings with the children of men—the more we are confident that he is in deed and in truth a good Being, the more will our praises be with the spirit and understanding.

And it is because we know more of His character as a being altogether lovely, that makes our praises so cheerful and glad; so much more of the affections than can be those of the believ-

ers in God's partial goodness. When we are doubtful concerning the real goodness of the character of a man, we hesitate in our praise—we slowly and lowly breathe the approbating words, and sometimes the words flow forth so unwillingly, that they tremble on the lips, and there freeze, and blockade the outlet; while if we are sure, heartily confident that the one we praise is indeed worthy of it—that words are too cold to express the warmth of our approbation, then the approving tones are spirited, joyous, and full of eloquent meaning—we utter our praise as though we mean all we say—we praise with the spirit and the understanding also.

So it is with praises sang to the Supreme; if we doubt his goodness, we shall sing doubtfully, lifelessly, and cold; but if we feel his love—if we are confident of the unchanging goodness of his character, we shall sing with the voice, heart and soul, spirited and joyous, like the Psalmist when he cried: 'My heart is fixed, O God! my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise.' 'Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.'

Music and singing have been ever auxiliaries to devotion among nearly every form of religionists, Pagan, Mahometan, Jewish, and Christian; the Greeks and Romans offered hymns of praise in honor of their Gods, and mingled the song with the sacrifice. The Jews were remarkable for their musical celebrations; and so numerous are the instruments of music mentioned in the Old Testament, that the nature of them cannot all be discovered. Tubal, a descendant of Cain, long time before the flood, taught men to play the harp and organ; he is called by Moses: 'The father of such as handle the harp and organ;' and from the same we learn a very ancient custom wherein music was used; Gen. xxxi. 27, Laban said to Jacob: 'Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth, and with songs, with tabret and with harp?' The triumphal ode of Moses after the passage through the Red Sea, is the first song on record, and is a most sublime composition worthy of the occasion, when the power of God parted the waters, and led his children through in safety; and overwhelmed the proud Pharaoh and his host. And on all important occasions music was used among the ancients; thus Jephthah's daughter welcomed him home



from his victory, Judges xi. 34, and the Hebrew women welcomed David back from the slaughter of Goliath. 1 Saml. xviii. 6.

When Josiah began to repair the temple, music was ordered to be performed to encourage the men at work; and we are assured that they worked faithfully. And the celebrated fable of Orpheus, arose from a similar occurrence. Of Orpheus it is said, that so powerful was the melody of his lyre, that he built the city of Thebes by it; the stones, timbers, and other materials, danced to the tones of his lyre, and in harmony took their places in the wall erecting. This fable arose from the fact of the Theban workman employing a skillful harper, named Amphion, to play for them while they worked; and so pleasing and powerful was his music, that the labor seemed light, and as a cheerful heart makes the hands work quick, the work proceeded rapidly. The sacred poet, Wesley, has very ingeniously spiritualized this circumstance, and sang that it is the power and harmony of the gospel tones, that fit men for their place in the new, the spiritual Jerusalem; and there is none who love the truth, and are called to proclaim it, who will not unite in Wesley's prayer for the indwelling power of gospel melody, that every feeling of the heart and soul may be imbued with the heavenly harmony—

'So shall I charm the list'ning throng,  
And draw the living stones along,  
By Jesus' tuneful name.  
The living stones shall hear and rise,  
And form a city in the skies,  
The new Jerusalem.'

The effect of music is no less a powerful aid to devotion, than to the work of the Thebans; and if it were needed to produce proofs of authority for the use of music among christians, we might show you the Divine Teacher himself chanting a song with his disciples at the conclusion of the last supper. We might point you to Paul and Silas in prison beguiling the weary hours by songs of praise, and carrying thus to the ears of their fellow prisoners the truths of the religion of Jesus; and we might show you that the Father was with them, inasmuch as the doors were opened by an unseen hand. We might show you the church at Corinth singing in their assemblies, even under immediate inspiration; and finally we might refer you to the

book of Revelations where songs are represented as being sung by celestial and terrestrial beings, yea, every creature, praising the adorable Jehovah, and the exalted Son.

East Cambridge.

B\*.

## REPLY TO

'THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.'

Original.

Is so easy broken, love's own silken chain?  
And can words slightly spoken, rend true hearts in twain?

I thought more enduring, was union with thee,  
But find thee abjuring, all value for me;—  
Life's lone path is all bleakness, no fountain, or tree,  
My best strength is weakness, if no love from thee.

'I have not loved lightly,  
I'll think of thee yet;  
I'll pray for thee nightly,  
Till life's sun is set.'

Must perish each token, of kindness from me?  
And forever be broken, all converse with thee?  
Can memories be riven, the dear happy past?  
Let me then be forgiven, our friendship still last;—  
My love is not measured, my whole heart is thine,  
And thou now art still treasured, my soul's dearest shrine.

'I have not loved lightly,  
I'll think of thee yet;  
I'll pray for thee nightly,  
Till life's sun is set.'

EVOL.

## 'KEEP THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES.'

Original.

SUCH was a playful remark made by a young lady to another, whose chosen one had just been speaking of some beautiful countenances he had seen. I heard the words, and fell to moralizing on them. What, thought I, do we never love objects for themselves alone? Is our admiration lessened because others are more beautiful? Must she be jealous of her friend, because he may admire others? And must I believe that he loves her only by comparisons? It must not be, if the heart would be happy—the humble cottager must not learn to dislike his little habitation, because there are splendid houses and



gorgeous palaces ; nor must we love in proportion to beauty and richness, if we would know the sweets of a contented mind, or the worth of true love.

That friendship is feeble that measures out its affection. We must love an object for itself and its associations alone, and not by comparison. The violet is sweet and beautiful. I love the violet, and that admiration cannot be lessened because the rose is more beautiful and rich. The violet I love because it is beautiful, and because it gemmed the path *she* trod, who now roams amid the flowers of imperishable bloom in the garden of God—she loved the violet for itself, and though thousands of flowers might have sprung up around it, and vied with each other in beauty, as the dearest gems in Flora's kingdom, yet would she have loved the violet still.

Let me then recommend my moral to the *hearts* of those whose *ears* heard the caution, though jestingly spoken, of, 'Keep the color of your eyes,' or beware of green eyed jealousy ; and let all my young friendly readers ponder what I now write. Friendship to be lasting—to be free from the petty jealousies that mar the beauty of intimate connections, must be founded on something intrinsically good, that shall make the friend say from an honest heart—this I prize above all ; others I may *admire*, but this I *prefer*.

Let those friends beware 'the fatal tie' who find that the chosen one is less pleasing because *others* are more brilliant, gifted and beautiful ; beware, as you dread the pangs of jealousy, and the misery of severed hearts. 'Are the soothing accents of affection less sweet, because others possess a finer tone ? Do we at times meet with indifference the approving glance from the eye of partial friendship, because there are *other eyes* that sparkle more radiantly ? Is the smile of timid love less dear, because *there are* coral lips which smile more gaily ?'

If to these queries 'the still small voice' must give an affirmative answer—then is your love measured—your affection is weak—your friendship is not framed to endure the test of time, and the future will verify the assurance now given—that your friendship will be like the withered rose—it had a name to live, but is dead. Those thus frailly connected have need to be ever cautious to '*keep the color of their eyes.*' MARY.

If we can excite in the heart a desire for knowledge—cause it to be truly applied to its attainment, we shall gain the grand step toward success.

## PEACE, BE STILL! MARK iv. 39.

Original.

WHEN the tempest of life is furious, the waves of sorrow sweeping over, and the gale of grief beating around us,—when the eye grows dim from long watching, and the heart faint from hope deferred, then is the time to look above to the higher power—the ruler of all storms, and pray for the spirit of 'Peace, be still.'

When the smile of friendship is withdrawn, and the cheerful sun of affection is hid by the dark clouds of deceit, and the sea of the heart is in great commotion, look to that love that never faileth in the bosom of the Father, and say to the sea—'Peace, be still.'

When the dreams of fancy are scattered by the light of truth—when the gay visions of creative, flattering hope are fleeing—when all the pleasures of the imagination are fading like the bright tints of the rainbow, then look up to the vision that shall never fade, but ere long be changed to reality, and say to the rude waves that disturb the sea of joy—'Peace, be still.'

When the ship of life is shattered by the rude winds of disease, and we are thrown upon the open sea of despair—ere long to sink into the unsatisfied whirlpool of death ;—when fear with a mighty power gathers around the heart, the eye becomes dim, the limbs strengthless, and the breath exhausted, look then above to christianity's sky, and hope shall descend and bear thee to heaven, where to all the cares and pains of life it will be said once for all eternity—'Peace, be still.'

B\*.

A plain, simple dress has often been found to be the most becoming, pleasing, and the best array for beauty of person, together with the virgin veil of modesty, covering all. So with piety, which is spiritual vesture ; it is more winning, becoming, and ornamental, when it is freed from gaudy show ; and as some females disgust others by a profusion of meant for ornaments, till we are ready to think they are like painted fruit, so by an outward show of piety, many are led to imagine that in truth such person's goodness, is, like that fruit, all outside. True piety is modest, and 'does good by stealth, and blushes to find it fame.' [ORIGINAL.]



## FLOWERS.

Original.

I love you flowers—each, every flower,  
 Whatever may be your hue ;  
 Whether ye droop at noontide hour,  
 Or are wet with morning dew.

As ye breathe out your fragrance sweet,  
 I think of the breath of love ;  
 And I deem that ye both us greet  
 By leave of the God above.

The hue of my happiest hours,  
 Is mirrored upon your leaves ;  
 And your frail, fleet life, sweet flowers,  
 Full many a moral breathes.

It tells of the swift flight of joy,  
 Of hopes that were too soon sped ;  
 Of friendships as frail as a toy—  
 And tells of the early dead.

c—.

EMMA.

## CANDOUR.

Original.

OF all the virtues, candor is one that deserves our most serious consideration. It is, indeed, the foundation of every virtue. Nothing can be real, which is not candid. The word CANDID is defined in the dictionary—fair, open, ingenuous, *white*. Therefore, according to the latter definition, I would compare the candid mind to a sheet of paper, of virgin whiteness. Whatever is written upon it, may be distinctly read. All its actions are legible. There is no disguise—no confusion—no dissimulation. On the other hand, the mind which is not candid, is like a blurred and stained parchment. You cannot make out the characters which are written upon it, with any degree of certainty. Every thing wears a disguise. All is confusion. The reader is puzzled, and can place no dependance on what he sees. I am firmly convinced that our Redeemer, in comparing his true disciples to sheep and lambs, made allusion to the spotless purity of their fleece. Indeed, the sheep has been an emblem of innocence for many generations—and if the heart of innocence is not open and undisguised, then I know not who is so. Even according to the worldly code of honor, it is regar-

ded as the highest insult to give the *lie*, and how many have bled upon the field of false honor from this cause ! In all ages and among all nations, the charge of falsehood has been regarded as the most insulting and injurious. The love of candor is therefore deeply seated in our very nature. It is lamentable to see how far it is departed from in our practice.

The practice of falsehood is supposed to imply some degree of guilt—since no man will feel the necessity of disguising right actions. Those who do wrong would fain conceal their crimes by a lie. I have ever regarded truth as one of the brightest attributes of the Divinity. He who is perfection—whose very nature is purity—whose goodness and whose mercy are conspicuous in all his works—He is truth. The scripture says emphatically, 'God *cannot* lie.' It is also said, that 'Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness.' Here we perceive that it was piety in Abraham to believe in the truth of God—and, indeed, how many there are, even in this day, who prefer their own declarations to the promises of Him who 'cannot lie.' Truth is of such a saving nature, that it benefits not only those who do themselves practise it, but also those who believe in it when it is exhibited by another. And by believing God, who is the fountain of truth, we shall realize the same righteousness, which Abraham gained by faith. This declaration of the Scripture, with respect to Abraham, is fraught with deep instruction. Let us believe God when he declares that he desireth not the death of a sinner. Let us truly and sincerely believe in his merciful promises, and righteousness will abound among us. For how shall we be able to hate those whom God loves ? How can we injure beings created for immortality, and destined to honor and glorify their Maker throughout the endless ages of eternity ? Shall we not be disposed to forgive any wrong which we may receive at the hand of men, when we believe that those who have done us an injury, will one day become pure—that they will repent and condemn the actions which we so much abhor in them ? Shall we not be disposed to treat with kindness those who will, in a future day, wear spotless robes, and join with us in hymning the praises of our common Savior ? Will we not look forward with the eye of faith to the time when all shall be swallowed up in Christ—when no evil thing will remain, and when those who now ap-



pear to hate us will be filled with love to every created being? How will the mind soar above all the trifling jealousies and bickerings of time, when our faith is steadfast in the promises of God! We may take our erring brother by the hand, and forgive him for the sake of that Being who hath forgiven us; and thus by believing God, are we made to experience true righteousness.

The greatness, the dignity, and importance of truth, is such, that it reflects honor and glory on those who believe it—but it is also our duty to practise it. On all occasions, we should be above disguise. Yet how often do we see parents teaching their tender offspring to hide and cover up certain defects which they have, and to affect virtues and accomplishments which they do not possess! Let us bring every thing to the light, that it may be judged—that the wheat may be separated from the chaff. Concealment is the rock on which many split, and candor is the first lesson that should be taught to the youthful mind. In all the Scriptures, we do not meet with a more signal punishment of sin, than in the death of Ananias and Sapphira. These two persons were not struck dead for a robbery, an unequivocal and bold theft—but for *keeping back a part*. Now there are many parents who would not encourage their children in a bold and barefaced falsehood, who will yet teach them to *disguise a part*—to be open and candid so far as the welfare of their characters is concerned—but where these cannot be affected, to dissemble, to qualify the real truth and the whole truth by a little false coloring. But this is not the truth of Scripture, which requires that the whole should be told, that nothing should be feigned. Many parents act so injudiciously in the punishment of their children, that they are early taught to make out a good story for themselves. How unlike the father of Washington! When the father of his country was a small boy, he accidentally broke a looking glass, while his parents were absent from home. On his father's return, he made inquiry of all the servants how the looking glass became broken. Little George hurried up to his father, as fast as he was able, and, looking up in his face, said: 'Father, I broke the glass!' What did Mr. Washington do? Did he fall into a violent passion with his son, and discourage him from ever speaking the truth again by beating him severely? No. If he had done so, we should hardly have had so lofty and

honorable a general to lead our armies. His father looked kindly at him, and said, 'I would rather that all the looking glasses in my house should be broken, than that my boy should tell an untruth;' and he took him in his arms and kissed him. Such was the training—such was the encouragement given to the germs of virtue and genuine honor in the breast of George Washington, that wonderful man whom Providence chose and sealed as the deliverer of this mighty nation—the example of conquerors, and the wonder of the whole civilized world.

Let parents and teachers then bear in mind, that when they have induced a child to disguise his actions, to hide the truth in order to screen himself from punishment, they have guided him far in the downhill path to ruin. They have sown in his breast the most mischievous vice. The love and the practice of truth is the most promising trait in the character of a young person. The simplicity of a little child, is the characteristic of the good man—while all the artfulness and duplicity of wicked men, verifies the Savior's declaration that 'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.'

ESKA.

*Levy J. Bell*

#### EXAMPLE OF THE SAVIOR.

Original.

'O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.'

THE supper had been partaken, the benediction pronounced, and nothing now remained but the closing scene of the great tragedy which was then enacting. As the curtains of night enveloped the earth, a little company is assembled in the retired shades of Gethsemane. While his companions recline upon the grassy couch, locked in the balmy embrace of sleep, there is one standing apart, from whom slumber has fled. A mental agony rends his soul; and lifting up his voice, he exclaims: 'O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done!' It was the Savior of the world. His hour had come, and the sufferings of a cruel and ignoble death, were before him. There is a simple pathos in the exclamation of Christ, which cannot fail of reaching every susceptible heart. Here was the Redeemer of men



—he who had been the friend of the friendless, the assuager of human woes—he who had rolled the grievous burden of sorrow from the children of misfortune—he who had relieved the distressed, given hope to the despairing, and caused the widow to rejoice, had now himself become a suppliant for relief!

For a moment, the weakness of human nature prevailed, and instinctively he shrunk from the dreadful trial which awaited him. The dark events passed in rapid review before his mind. He was to be apprehended by a multitude, with swords and staves; he was to be arraigned in the judgment hall; he was to be spit on, and buffeted, by the priests and elders; the crown of thorns was yet to pierce his brow; up Calvary's rugged acclivities, was he yet to toil beneath his cumbrous cross; and yet was he to be suspended as a degraded malefactor, before assembled thousands of his enemies, and endure the painful struggles of a lingering death! It was a view of these sufferings and indignities, that reduced him to the depth of sorrow, and caused him to pray: 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' As if he had said: Have I not yet sufficiently suffered to establish the truth? have I not toiled from city to city, throughout Judea, laboring in behalf of humanity? have I not endured hunger and thirst, and every bodily privation? have I not suffered shame, reproach, and contumely? Is not this enough? Must my trials still be increased? Must I become the scoff and derision of the profligate multitude, and be reduced to the companionship of thieves? O my Father, is it not possible that this last, bitter cup can be removed; must I drain it to the very dregs? And in the intensity of his mental anguish, 'his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground.' Yet amid this inexpressible agony of mind, and in view of all the suffering before him, we hear him sweetly exclaim, in the voice of affection, and in full confidence of the superior wisdom of his Father: 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt!' Oh! what deep resignation, what full trust in the unfailing benignity of the Creator; what dutiful obedience to his Parent; what entire devotion to the cause of his God, the cause of his gospel, the cause of salvation and love, are manifested in these words!

There is much valuable instruction to be drawn from this example of the Savior. It teaches us to repose the most implicit confidence in our

Creator. The sufferings through which Christ was to pass, were extremely severe; and could he have followed the promptings of his frail earthly nature, he would gladly have avoided them. But from his knowledge of the benignity of his Father, he was assured he would not call him to endure sufferings that were useless; and with entire trust, he therefore exclaimed: 'Thy will be done.' Hereby are we instructed never to relinquish our confidence in the goodness of the Creator, even amid the most trying seasons of sorrow. When clouds and darkness surround us, and misfortune and adversity overtake us, we should never doubt the unfailing love and mercy of our God; a thought of this nature should not be permitted to enter the mind for a moment.—But with a perfect assurance that his infinite wisdom will cause good to flow from temporary evil, let us submit to the dispensations of his providence, with the exclamation of Jesus: 'Thy will be done.'

Here was also an example of filial affection and obedience. The mighty Messiah, the Prince of Life, the Savior of the world, bows before the King of kings, and addressing him by the endearing appellation of Father, testifies his willingness to obey his severe requirements, although nature shrinks from the trial: 'O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink, thy will be done.' How confiding! Here is obedience the most perfect; here is a bright example worthy the imitation of mankind. God is our Father; and he has testified his parental love in showering unnumbered blessings on our heads. He has made requirements of us as his children, and desired us to obey his will. And it evidently devolves as highly upon us to allow God's will to be done, in preference to our own, as it did on the Savior. Yea, more so. The sacrifice which the Deity required of Jesus, was not for the Savior's benefit, but purely and solely for the good of others. But our Maker asks not this of us. He does not command us to make ourselves miserable, or to relinquish any real enjoyment. All he requires, is that we abstain from that which is the cause of wretchedness to ourselves and to our race; which would make us degraded and unhappy; and to practise the rules and precepts enjoined in the gospel, and which when obeyed, will impart the purest enjoyment of which our nature is susceptible. And if Jesus unhesitatingly obeyed the requirements of God, when they led him to suf-



fer solely for the good of others, ought we not with equal alacrity to fulfill the requirements of the same Being, when he enjoins it upon us to do that which is for our own peace and happiness? Judge ye.

The resignation exhibited by the Redeemer, is a bright example, worthy of imitation. When the path of a cruel and ignominious death lay before him, the contemplation of which caused 'his sweat, as great drops of blood, to fall down to the ground,' he avoided not the trial. Once fully satisfied it was the will of his Father that he should thus suffer, and he was wholly resigned to his fate. Not a murmur proceeded from his lips; not a repining thought entered his heart; not an emotion of opposition was visible. What a beautiful example for the world. There is no quality of the mind more valuable, or which should be more assiduously cherished and cultivated, than cheerful resignation to the allotments of Providence. We too often repine, because we have no clear perception of any beneficial results to flow from our misfortunes. But we should not forget that in this life we discover but detached portions of the operation of the laws of God's universal providence. Our foresight is confined to a circle very limited, while the omniscient mind of Jehovah spans eternity. From the beginning, he shapes the end of all things. We have every reason to believe that those events which we denominate misfortunes, are but *counter revolving wheels* in that vast yet harmonious machinery of events, which, under the guidance of Infinite Wisdom, will terminate in God's transcendent glory, and man's eternal happiness. A reasonable confidence in the benevolence of the character of Jehovah, will lead us to adopt this conclusion, which will lessen every misfortune and sweeten every pain. This view of the movements of Providence, will

'Teach us the hand of Love divine,  
In evils to discern;  
'Tis the first lesson which we need,  
The latest which we learn.'

The many valuable qualities exhibited in the character of Jesus, commend him in a high degree to our admiration and love. Let us often retrace in our minds, the history of his life; let us realize his philanthropy, the excellency of his doctrines, and the purity of his precepts; let us embalm his memory in our hearts, love his virtues, copy his examples, and obey his teachings.

Danvers, Mass.

J. M. A.

## CORRECTED REPUBLICATIONS.—NO. V.

Original.

O, MOURN YE FOR POLAND.

O, MOURN ye for Poland! her day-star hath faded,  
And sank midst the clouds of oblivion away;  
For, the night of oppression her lustre hath shaded—  
She groans in her bondage 'neath tyranny's sway.

O, mourn ye for Poland! no glory is left her,  
Save shadowy visions of days that have passed  
With the days of her pride; for the despot hath reft  
her  
Of freedom, and crushed her in bondage at last.

O, mourn ye for Poland! that ill fated nation—  
Her spirit is bowed in the gloom of despair;  
And, she calls, from the depths of her dark desolation,  
The world to her succor, in agonized prayer.

No peace to her border—no sigh for her sorrow,  
No tear for her wo, hath her conq'rор to give;  
But, she toils through a day, to awake on the morrow,  
And claim, by submission, permittance to live.

O, mourn ye for Poland! the voice of her anguish,  
Hath sped o'er the earth, to each far distant land;  
But, she still in subjection unjustly doth languish,  
With no one to render a rescuing hand.

O, mourn ye for Poland! for, far in the cheerless  
And snow-vested wilds of Siberia's shore,  
Her illustrious sons, who, intrepid and fearless,  
Defied for their country, the battle's loud roar—

Now linger in thralldom, forlorn and unpitied,  
With no one their mis'ry to solace and cheer;  
And, as unto the chains which around them are fitted,  
They gaze in despair, unrelieved by near—

With fierce desperation, they call for requital,  
And beg of the heavens to answer their theme;  
But the desolate wilderness, to their recital,  
Gives hollow response,—and there's none to redeem.

Then mourn ye for Poland! her day star hath faded,  
And sank in the clouds of oblivion away;  
For, the night of oppression her lustre hath shaded,—  
She groans in her fetters 'neath tyranny's sway.

D. J. M.

Westbrook, Me. 1836.

'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine;  
but a broken spirit drieth the bones.'



## THE SUPERIORITY OF CHRIST OVER SOLOMON.

Original.

'Behold a greater than Solomon is here.' MATT. xii. 42.

OPPOSED to the religion of the amiable Jesus, the Pharisees accused him of casting out devils by the assistance of Beelzebub, the prince of devils. Allowing this to be true, Jesus succeeded in showing them that the dark kingdom of satan was divided against itself, and consequently it must ultimately be destroyed.—Unsuccessful in this attempt to oppose him, his enemies requested Jesus to show them a sign by which they could know that he was the promised Messiah. 'An evil and adulterous generation,' said Jesus, 'seeketh after a sign, and there shall be no sign given it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas; for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it, because they repented at the preaching of Jonas, and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here. The queen of the south shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon,—and behold, a greater than Solomon is here.'

Notwithstanding Solomon excelled all the kings of Israel, who had preceded him, in the splendor of his court, and the magnificence of his lofty temple, yet we are assured that Jesus was greater than Solomon. In this paper I design to show in what respects Jesus, the king of the Jews, was greater than Solomon, the glorious monarch of the Hebrews.

I. Solomon was ushered into being in all the 'pomp and circumstance' of a Jewish court. Received was he by his father, the monarch of Israel, his countless courtiers, and their numerous attendants, with demonstrations of joy. Instead of a splendid palace, the Prince of Peace was born in an humble manger, surrounded by the bleating sheep, and the lowing herd. In that low condition we behold 'the Christ, the Savior of the world,' before whom the tyrants of the earth are to tremble, and before whose peaceful sceptre their despotic thrones are to moulder to their original dust. Though Jesus was not surrounded by princes, and though his birth was not announced by earthly courtiers, yet it was hail-

ed with acclamations of joy by angels from the court of heaven. It was night. All nature was quietly reposing in the arms of balmy sleep. On Bethlehem's verdant plains Judea's peaceful shepherds watched their fleecy care. Suddenly a light shone around them, and 'in strains as sweet as angels use,' the birth of the Redeemer was thus announced, while the affrighted shepherds with joy and trembling heard: 'Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, who is, Christ the Lord.' An appropriate anthem was then 'sung by flaming tongues above' such as the world never before heard. 'Glory be to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men.' Guided by a star placed in the cerulean heavens by the unerring hand of Jehovah, the wise men of the East came and worshipped the Savior of the world, cast their treasures at his feet, and sprinkled their precious perfumes upon his innocent head. Long had the venerable Simeon patiently waited for the consolation of Israel, and when faith was lost in sight, and hope in fruition, and he had fondly embraced the 'infant God' in his withered arms, he exclaimed: 'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people—a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.' When we reflect on these events which transpired at the birth of Jesus, we are induced to say: 'Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.'

II. Solomon was anointed king of Israel. By outward and by written laws were his subjects governed; but the kingdom of Jesus is not of an earthly nature. It 'is not of this world;' but is set up in the heart of man, and governs the outward actions. The unbelieving Pharisees inquired when the kingdom of God would come. Jesus informed them that it would not come with observation. 'Ye shall not say lo here! or lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you.' The kingdom of Solomon was of a temporal and local character; but the kingdom of Jesus is of a spiritual nature, and is ultimately to be established in the heart of every high, holy, and humble soul. We know not that the nature of the Redeemer's kingdom can be more clearly expressed than by adopting the beautiful language of the immortal Jefferson. 'The precepts of the ancient philosophers and the Hebrew code,



laid hold of the actions only. Jesus pushed his sometimes into the heart of man, erected his tribunal in the region of the thoughts, and purified the waters at the fountain head.' The nature of their respective kingdoms will be more distinctly perceived by the reader, when he considers the means by which they were established. Solomon received his kingdom of his father, and was proclaimed king before his decease; yet there was much opposition to his government. Adonijah desired to ascend the throne. Fearing he might be dethroned, Solomon imbrued his hands in his brother's blood. Others he also destroyed to secure his rights. Necessary was it that his subjects should wield the bloody sword to permanently establish his kingdom, and to maintain his government. Jesus pursued not this course. He was opposed to war in all its fascinating and horrid forms. 'If my kingdom were of this world,' said he, 'then would my servants fight.' Never can it be established by the curling flame, perpetuated by the persecuting faggot, or advanced by the bloody sword.

'Mild as himself, his doctrine yields  
No arms but those persuasion yields.  
By proofs divine, and reasons strong,  
It draws the willing soul along;  
And conquests to his truth acquires  
By eloquence which heaven inspires.'

Solomon's kingdom was divided into twelve provinces, or districts, each under a peculiar officer. It extended 'from the river unto the land of the Philistines, and unto the border of Egypt.' The Euphrates was on the eastern boundaries of his dominions, the Philistines were westward, on the Mediterranean sea, and Egypt was on the south. These were the boundaries of Solomon's kingdom. Let us consider the extent of the Redeemer's kingdom. Where are its boundaries? It has none. 'The heathen are his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth are his possession.' A 'dominion, and a kingdom, and glory is given him, that shall extend from sea to sea, from the river unto the ends of the earth, all people, nations, and languages shall serve him.' These passages, together with many others which might be named, were it deemed necessary, show that the kingdom of Jesus 'is not bound.'

'He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway.'

Soon after the death of Solomon ten tribes re-

volted from his son Rehoboam, and erected themselves into a separate kingdom, under Jeroboam. Thus was his kingdom divided. Afterwards the Jews were carried captive into Babylon, and were there kept in bondage seventy years. The glory of the Jewish kingdom has long since departed. Israel now no longer exists as a separate kingdom. The kingdom of Jesus is not of a perishable nature. Based on the sacred rock of eternal truth, founded on the undying love of Jehovah, it shall stand forever. The God of heaven has set up his kingdom. Never shall it be destroyed, nor shall it 'be left to other people; but shall break in pieces, and consume all other kingdoms, and shall stand forever.' Yonder blue heavens may pass away like a scroll, the golden lamps thereof may be extinguished forever; the lofty mountains of the earth may sink into oblivion, old ocean may cease to heave her roaring tide; yet the kingdom of Jesus shall stand; the elements may melt with fervent heat; the mighty winds of heaven may rest in silent slumber to wake no more; and chaos may stretch her dark wings again over immensity, yet the kingdom of Jesus shall stand immovable, 'amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.' The iron hand of persecution may be raised against it, the blighting storm of infidelity may rage, but the principles which Jesus inculcated are as immutable as the throne of the Eternal, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against them. When we consider the nature, extent, and immutability of the Redeemer's kingdom, we are induced again to cry: 'Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.'

III. The heavenly teacher speaks of Solomon's glory as follows: 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' In what did the glory of Solomon consist? He gloried in his treasures, in the splendor of his court, and in the magnificence of his beautiful buildings. When the wealthy queen of the south visited the king, these things were displayed, because in these he gloried. In what did king Jesus glory? Jesus was good, and in goodness he gloried. It was the great business of his life to do good. Good was he, not only in the private circle, but he delighted to go 'about doing good.' He unstopped the ears of the deaf, loosened the tongue of the dumb, opened the eyes of the blind, called the dead to life, had



compassion on the ignorant, comforted the distressed, and poured the oil and wine of consolation into the bleeding hearts of the afflicted. Such was his character, and such was his glory. Though he erected no magnificent buildings to bear his name down to posterity like the glorious monarch of the Hebrews, yet he reared a splendid monument of glory, which shall stand while those edifices crumble into dust, and sink into oblivion. His glorious name shall be written in characters of light upon the tablet of every heart, 'which shall endure as long as the sun, men shall be blessed in him, and all nations shall call him blessed.' 'Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.'

IV. Much is said in the Scriptures of the wisdom of Solomon. The queen of the south came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear his wisdom. That he was exceedingly wise, and in the morning and noon of life remarkably good, cannot but be manifest to all who have studied his character; and that wisdom was highly recommended must be obvious to all who have perused his excellent writings. Notwithstanding the purity of his character, and the plenitude of his wisdom in early life, yet it must be confessed that during a portion of his earthly pilgrimage, he became very wicked and exceedingly foolish. 'Solomon did evil in the sight of the Lord, and went not fully after God, as did David his father. Then did Solomon build a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon.' We now see the wise man departing from the worship of the one living and true God, bowing down before those gods which are 'graven by art and man's device.' Where now is the wisdom and goodness of the Hebrew monarch? Fallen from his former greatness, he has practised what he had himself condemned, and has forsaken what he had himself highly recommended. Forty years he governed Israel. 'The dews of death' then descended upon him, and he went down to the silent gates of the cold and unsatisfied grave. Deservedly has he been denominated the wisest man, though he was during a portion of his life one of the most foolish. But the wisdom of Jesus was not of an evanescent character. Tempted in all points as we are, yet unlike man he deviated not from the path of duty. He reposed unwavering confidence in God, and practised what he delighted to inculcate.

'In every act, in every thought,  
He lived the precepts which he taught.'

Yet the amiable Jesus fell a victim to the combined power and cruelty of the altar and the throne. When he was delivered into the merciless hands of his unfeeling persecutors, he was meek, patient, and resigned. Having committed his affectionate mother, who had followed her innocent son up Calvary's bloody steep, into the hands of a faithful disciple, he prayed for his murderers, gave up the ghost, and by the hand of humanity he was in the cold 'vault of death entombed.' Fondly had his disciples hoped that their great Master would redeem Israel; but now all these pleasing hopes are blasted, their expectations are cut off, and they return to their respective occupations. All is now silent. The hated Nazarine is conquered, his disciples are scattered, and his tomb is guarded by his inveterate foes. No multitudes are now flocking to hear the preaching of the eloquent Jesus, no poor blind man is groping after him who could open his eyes, none are now seen passing along the streets with the sick, the lame, the diseased, to find him who could control all maladies, no innocent little children are now 'crying hosanna to the Son of David, saying blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'

Suddenly the scene changes. The barriers of the tomb are broken, the grim monster, death, is conquered, and Jesus rises from the dead.

'Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
Fanned by some angel's purple wing.'

He appears to his faithless disciples, convinces them that he is the risen Messiah, and that the countless predictions of the holy prophets are in him fulfilled. Believing the glad tidings of the glorious gospel, seeing that future life and immortality are now clearly brought to light, understanding that Jesus has 'become the first fruits of them that slept;' that the whole harvest is sanctified, and accepted of God—they confidently go forth, and soon fill Jerusalem with their doctrine. Flames, faggots, nor death cannot now intimidate them. When Jesus had finished his work on earth, he ascended to heaven, where he must remain 'until the times of the restitution of all things.' When we thus behold Jesus triumphing over death, overcoming the grave, subduing hell, teaching that as he is lifted up from the earth, so all men shall be drawn unto him, with hearts



overflowing with gratitude in the fullness of our joy we exclaim, 'Behold a greater than Solomon is here.'

Can we reasonably believe that one who was so amiable and benevolent in life, and so patient and resigned in death, was a vile impostor? Jefferson has truly said that some have been induced to denounce as an 'impostor the most eloquent, the most sublime, the most benevolent character ever exhibited to man.' Gentle reader, let me affectionately intreat you to receive the heavenly doctrine which Jesus inculcated, to practice his sublime precepts, and follow his amiable example, so that you can lean upon his breast, breathe your 'life out sweetly there,' and experimentally say, 'A GREATER THAN SOLOMON IS HERE.'

New Bedford, Mass.

J. M. S.

### OUR HOME.

Original.

OUR home—there's a sound in that magical word  
To the music of which, every heart will accord,  
And though far from its light be our storm beaten  
track,

'Tis the magnet of memory—pointing us back.

How strongly the heart clings to every thing there,  
Where the sky seems more blue, and the flowers  
more fair;

Where the tones of affection our grief will beguile,  
And a smile ever meets with an answering smile.

When the voyager wends his long way o'er the  
deep,

How bright is the vision which blesses his sleep:  
No more does his bark on the wide waters roam,  
And a smile lights his brow as he dreams of his  
home.

When the emigrant Swiss on some far foreign shore,  
Shall seem to remember his country no more,  
Sing the lays of his land and he weeps at the strain  
Which so sweetly recalls his own valleys again.

Once more does he sit at the vine mantled door,  
While the lips of the loved whisper sweet as of yore;  
And though lowly the cot, neither palace or dome,  
Can erase from his heart that dear picture of home.

While he toils—the fruit of his labor to save  
To cross the dark desert, the ocean to brave—  
The toil and the danger alike are forgot,  
So he may but revisit that one beloved spot.  
This world's strong attachments must soon disappear,

We cannot stay always, our place is not here,  
But the worn out and weary, with sorrow opprest,  
Shall all find a home and a heaven of rest.

Then fix we our thoughts on that mansion above,  
Where a Father will meet us with all whom we  
love:

And go without fear when His message doth come,  
Though our pathway be through the dark grave to  
our home.

M. A. D.

Hartford, June 10th.

### THE POWER OF DARKNESS.

Original.

To describe the nature of natural darkness, would be useless, as every reader is undoubtedly acquainted with the manner in which it is produced, and the laws which govern it—if they are not, they have been criminally neglectful in not acquiring that information, the means for which, Providence has thrown in their way.

Let it be noticed then, that darkness, being the absence of light, its tendency is to cover up, and hide from our view, all the objects by which we are surrounded. The beauties of nature—and those things which are less captivating, are all hid from the gaze of human beings by the power of darkness. When the light of day is withdrawn from the earth, and darkness throws its sable mantle over forest and plain, this beautiful world is lost in one dense volume of blackness, and a chaotic gloom covers the whole face of nature. And philosophers inform us, that such is the power of darkness, that it changes all objects, even the human complexion, into its own likeness.

It affects the color, growth, and fragrance, of plants. Therefore, if a plant of any description is placed in a dark room, where no light can approach unto it, its growth will be rank, its color destroyed, and its fragrance wholly annihilated. There are many circumstances on record, furnishing proof and illustration of this remark, but it is needless to adduce them. Darkness not only has power to change the color of plants, and destroy their fragrance, but also to impair their richness. No description of vegetable, whether it be tree, shrub, corn, oats, barley, rye, wheat, grass, or flowers, will grow so well, be so good, or nutritious, if reared in



the shade, as if they were raised under the full splendor of the sun. Let it also be noticed, that darkness does not destroy any one article in the material world; it only covers them, and by it they are hidden from our view.

The same effect which is produced upon natural things, by natural darkness, is produced on spiritual things by spiritual darkness. By mental darkness is implied—*ignorance and prejudice*. And therefore, those who are ignorant, are represented as being *blind*, because they cannot see the glories of the mental world. The figure of universal darkness is employed to set forth a time of general ignorance. The prophet said: 'Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.' And accordingly, the appearance of Jesus, to remove this ignorance, and disperse this darkness, is compared to the shining of light. Isaiah ix. 2: 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.' See also Matt. iv., where this prophecy is applied to Jesus.

We might illustrate the power of darkness, by several historical facts, connected with science; suffice it to say, that, to the mind of the ignorant and prejudiced, the various sciences are foolish, or mysterious; and they are unprepared for their reception. The discoverers of the most useful and interesting phenomena in nature, have met with a bitter persecution from this class. Darkness hides from man his true interest, and he blindly searches for happiness, as men who grope in the dark. He discharges not the duties dictated by humanity, because of his ignorance. Most, if not all the infelicities of the domestic circle, arise from this source.

There is one passage which illustrates most clearly the power of darkness. It is the language of our Savior to those who apprehended him: 'This is your hour, and the *power of darkness*.' The power of darkness was so great, that it caused an innocent man to be executed, as a being worse than a robber. And how many have suffered from the same evil. But shall this power never be broken? Shall ignorance continue to hide from mortals the being, perfections and attributes of Deity? No. We rejoice in the belief, that the knowledge, which is light, peace, salvation and sanctification, shall be diffused into every mind; and then shall all, from the least to the greatest, be delivered from the

power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. God speed the day.

D. D. S.

Portland, Me.

## THE WILL OF GOD.—NO. II.

Original.

### HIS UNCONDITIONAL WILL.

It is said by some, that God can have a determinate will, and still make the eternal salvation of man conditional. But I cannot conceive what consistency there is in ascribing a determinate will to the Most High, when that will is represented as founded upon condition. A determinate will is necessarily, in itself, a will all potent—a will without condition; a will designing an effect, and possessed, in itself, of a sufficient power to accomplish that effect. It is impossible to conceive of a will, and especially a will of the Divine Mind, which designs a certain end, and, yet makes that end, in its accomplishment, subject to a contingency. In such a case the end designed by the will, is uncertain, and in its accomplishment, dependant entirely upon the contingency, or condition which is attached to it. We can suppose that God proposed within himself the execution of a certain purpose, provided he had a sufficient ability, or upon condition that nothing should intervene to prevent its execution. But, the question is, would such be a determinate will? Would an intention circumscribed by apparent probabilities, and depending upon uncertain, or possibly certain circumstances, be definite? Assuredly not! That will, or that purpose alone is definite, which has in full view, the undoubted accomplishment of its end. If there is the slightest uncertainty, the will cannot be said to be definite, as, in such a case, an uncertainty mars, of a necessity, its probable success and fulfillment.

We can suppose, that the Creator, when engaged in the creation of the universe, had had, in view of the work which he designed, a contingency, or doubt apparent to his mind; suppose, that in prospect of this, he had said, I will form the earth if I can create the means, or I will make a sun if I can compose the substance of light, would his design, or will, in such a case, have been determinate, or decided? Certainly not! under this supposition, his power would have been bounded—his will circumscribed by the apparent lack of means. If He could create



the means, He would frame the earth; if He could compose light, He would make a sun. Here the will by which he designed the earth and the sun, was to be dependant upon a probability, not a certainty. He was not assured under this illustration, whether the means could be created to form the earth and the sun. It was to depend entirely upon His untried ability. He knew not whether that ability was competent to perform the work. In such a case, then, could the will of God be said to be definite? Most certainly not! and yet the case just supposed, is that of a will upon condition.

But again; place this subject in the light of a conditional salvation for mankind, God is acknowledged by all Christians to hold a will favorable to the salvation of all men. But, those Christians whose theory we are reviewing, say, that the salvation which God designs for the human race, is made conditional to them—that it depends entirely upon their own efforts and agency, and is only assured them in case of a compliance with certain commands. And yet, it is insisted that the will of God in this case is determinate. But the question which is to be decided, is, Is it determinate if made conditional? And, if there is a contingency—if there is an 'if' associated with the avowed will of God, it cannot, as common consistency must decide, be determinate. That alone can be determinate which is based upon a certainty, which is successful in all its operations, and sure of an accomplished end. But in the sentiment which would teach us that the will of God, though conditional, is determinate, this principle is recognized, namely, if *man will accept* the terms offered as the guaranty of redemption, then he is to be saved; but if not, then salvation is not his portion. Now this is a contingency. God is represented as in the above illustration of the earth and sun, as willing a certain thing upon a possibility—as designing the salvation of the human race, provided they accept an offered condition. But is this a determinate will? Jehovah is allowed to have willed the salvation of all men; and is He certain that while he thus purposes the redemption of all, that His design will be fulfilled, and all men saved?

No! this cannot be, if we may believe the theory we are examining; for, while it is acknowledged, that God designs the salvation of all, it is held by the professors of this theory that all will not be saved. Consequently it is a con-

clusive inference, upon such grounds, that the will of God cannot be determinate, as there is no certainty that those who are embraced within its bounds will ever become the recipients of its bounty. And therefore that will which is based on condition, cannot, on any principle, be determinate. But, it may be asked, by those whose views we are considering, as a last resort, whether the will of God would not be determinate, if certain in respect to the penitent. Granted that it would be so, if extended only to the penitent, and provided that the number were also certain. But the objector would do well to bear in mind that it would be determinate only in such respect, whereas, extending, as the theory which he professed, does, the favorable will of God to all men, it should also be definite and determinate in respect to all. Jehovah asserts that He 'will have all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth.' Consequently all men must be saved, or his will is proved to be not determinate. The only condition which can be appended to the will of God, is that his power is sufficient to accomplish it; and as no one will deny that the power of God is adequate to fulfill his purpose, I shall rest assured that the unconditional will of God must be allowed.

D. J. M.

Westbrook, Me. 1836.

\* \* \* Let the truths of the gospel ever come with their consoling, instructing and elevating influence to every mind and heart. Let the mourner be by them comforted; let the eye of faith be directed toward the better land, where those here given to our affections, will again be given to us—be with us where we are. Let us manifest our respect for departed worth, by cherishing their virtues—imitating their virtuous course; and may our gratitude for the hopes of christianity be shown by obedience to its requirements, and then we shall from the depths of the soul cry—

'O joy transcending every earthly joy,  
O rapture expressible, to know  
My destined lot! because God is, I am—  
God lives forever, therefore I shall live—  
God dwells in bliss, bliss therefore must be mine!  
To Him be adoration, praise and love.' AMEN.



## I THINK NOT OF THEE.

Original.

I THINK not of thee, when the morning bright  
Is flushing the sky with its rosy light ;  
But when the moon silvers the restless sea,  
And the waves are chiming their melody,  
Then do I think of thee.

I think not of thee, in the lighted hall,  
Where beauty and music lend grace to all,  
But when through my lattice night's star eyes gleam,  
And the world is fair as a poet's dream,  
Then do I think of thee.

I think not of thee, when amid the crowd,  
Where the wine flows free and the song is loud ;  
Thy memory comes with a gentle power,  
To subdue my soul at soft twilight's hour,  
Then do I think of thee.

When I meet the world with a heart of care,  
No thought of thy pure love is mingled there ;  
But when the farewell light of fading day  
Is passing as passed thy spirit away,  
Then do I think of thee.

I think not of thee, when the summer rare  
Is twining gay wreaths in her golden hair ;  
But when faded leaves are falling around,  
And the wind goes by with a wailing sound,  
Then do I think of thee.

M. A. D.

Hartford, Ct. July 4.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Original.

It is the calm twilight hour. All nature seeks repose. No sound breaks the quiet stillness, save the low murmurs of the winding rivulet, and the soft breath of the evening wind as it sighs through the branches of the summer laden trees, and lightly stirs their whispering leaves. Night's lovely queen rises in quiet majesty, and ascends her star lit throne to shed on things beneath her cheerful smiles. Earth is radiant with beauty ; yet my thoughts roam from the fading loveliness of earth, to the world beyond the stars, and hold sweet communion with the blest inhabitants of that happy sphere. Methinks I hear their happy voices chanting the song of redeeming love, and see their airy forms clad in the white robes of celestial purity. Sister of the spirit land ! hast thou forgotten me ? Long years have passed

since thou left this world of shadows, and bitterly did my childhood lament thy departure ; hast thou forgotten our early love ?

'Thy voice was music to mine ear,  
Thy wisdom guided, and thy kindness cheered.'

O leave thy blest employment for a moment, and reveal the mighty secret that I burn to know—say, Doth thy love for me still live ? and are still remembered our many mutual joys, and the peaceful hours we have spent in contemplating that bright world which thou doth now inhabit ? Hast thou forgotten thy *cherub child*, and does not a mother's fondness sometimes wander back to earth to watch over her helpless infant ? Ah ! I know thou art still kind and loving towards us, and even now methinks thy gentle eyes are beaming in tenderness upon me, and thy hand is stretched out to beckon me to thy home. My soul longs to be with thee, and to drink from the fountain of everlasting bliss, where parting is not known.

THERESA.

Putney.

## SHORT COMMENTS.

Original.

'Who created all things by Jesus Christ.' EPH. III. 9.

THE Author of these words often speaks of the work of redemption by Jesus the Christ as a creation, and the redeemed as being new creatures. 'Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' 2 Cor. v. 17.

By attention to the connection it is evident that St. Paul uses the expression : 'Who created all things by Jesus Christ'—in the spiritual sense of creation, and not referring to the creation of the material world. In the context the design of the apostle is 'to show that God's purpose of taking in the Gentiles to be his people under the gospel was a mystery unknown in former ages, and now under the kingdom of the Messiah committed to him to be preached to the world.'

Now most obviously the creation of the material world had no relation to this long hid design of God—to the mystery of the calling of the Gentiles into the kingdom of his Son, and there-



fore that creation could not be meant; and to assert that it is alluded to, makes the apostle to introduce things entirely foreign to the subject in view without any reason therefor. Hence we conclude, that the creation here spoken of, is the 'new creation'—the spiritual creation by Christ Jesus, according to the eternal purpose of God, who hath given him power to bring to pass the restitution of all things.

## II.

'Before Abraham was, I am.' JOHN viii. 58.

THIS is a very obscure passage, and many regard it as an unexplainable mystery, but a little critical attention to it may remove the obscurity. Our Savior said just before: 'Abraham rejoiced to see my day,' or the days of the Messiah, but no one considers this literally, neither are we to understand the passage in question so. This then leads us to seek for its proper meaning by consulting similar phrases, and by so doing, we discover that we are to understand by the expression 'I am,' as being meant 'the Messiah.' Thus in verse 24 of this chapter we read: 'If ye believe not that I AM, ye shall die in your sins.' Again, verse 28: 'When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I AM;' or when ye shall have crucified me, then ye shall know that I am the Messiah. The simple and full meaning of Christ when he said: 'Before Abraham was, I am,' seems to be this: 'Before Abraham existed, I was the Messiah; that is, I was designated by God as the Messiah,' and existed in the purpose of God before Abraham existed.

Language of the same character as used by Christ, we find addressed to the prophet Jeremiah by God: 'Before I formed thee, I knew thee; and before thou camest forth, I sanctified thee; and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.' Now no one conceives that this passage teaches the pre-existence of Jeremiah, and no more can we believe that the words of the Savior in reference to himself, assert his pre-existence. He spake of his office as having been purposed of God before Abraham existed.

## III.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? MATT. xxvii. 46.

SUCH was the exclamation of Jesus when upon

the cross; various have been the interpretations given of it, but most commonly it has been regarded as a cry of despair—the shriek of one who at the time thought God had forsaken him; but we cannot look upon it in this light. The trust of Jesus was never shaken—his confidence in God was ever firm, and his last teachings to his disciples were full of unswerving faith in the Divine protection, and of calm reliance on the all powerful God. He had before thought of the deep bitterness and loneliness that would come upon him in that last hour, but expressed his firm conviction that he should not be utterly alone—One would be with him to the end. 'And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.' John xvi. 32.

Some very judicious commentators have opined that the exclamation was not the cry of despair, but a prayer of supplication—that God would not leave him without a witness that he had not forsaken him—that he was still with him, though forsaken of men, and regarded by the Jews as accursed of the Father. Accordingly it is supposed that in answer to this prayer the earthquake, rending of rocks, and fearful darkness, testified the nearness of the Supreme—made the centurion to acknowledge Christ as the Son of God, and caused the multitude to return home smiting their breasts in horror.

We cannot fully give our assent to this opinion, but should be more inclined towards it, if the exclamation did in truth read as it is often quoted: 'My God, my God, *hast* thou forsaken me? leaving out the word '*why*,' which makes an essential difference. We are more inclined to the belief that Jesus intended to make reference to the Psalm beginning with the words he used, and signifying thereby that the sentiments of that Psalm might then be applied to him. How well might he say in the language of that Psalm, 'Be not far from me; for trouble is near; for there is none to help.' See Psalm xxii. In this view the Savior may be, as he must be regarded, as possessing firm and unwavering trust in the strength of the Universe—the horrors of the cross, nor the agonies of death, could not for a moment cloud the mind of Jesus the Christ, and make him doubt the continual presence and loving care of God.

B.

'The spirit of man,' or the strength and energy of a sound mind, 'will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?'



WHY DON'T YOU SEND MISSIONARIES TO  
THE HEATHEN?

Original.

THE above question is frequently propounded to Universalists; and they are also asked the question: 'Why do you not strive to make converts in distant countries?' Now our reply is—We have work enough at home. In the country where we live, there is much ignorance, mental blindness, superstition and bigotry. It is the part of wisdom to enlighten our own nation and people, before we commence the work of instructing those of other climes. When the work is done within our own borders—when the dark places in the United States are illuminated by the Son of righteousness—when all here are brought to the enjoyment of the Messiah's reign, then it will be soon enough for us to seek work at a distance. But, should we attempt the work before, our situation would be like unto that of the man who went forth to cleanse his neighbor's garden, when his own was overrun with weeds.

Furthermore:—We are sanguine in the opinion, that He, who sent a Murray to the shores of America, and gave success to the word he preached, will, in his own good time, raise up others, who will feel it to be their duty to go, unsent by man, and carry salvation to the ends of the earth. But it must be our work to point men, who live and move around us, to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. And rejoice in the assurance we feel, that He who holdeth the hearts of the children of men in his hand, and turneth them as the rivers of water are turned, will cause the light of Divine truth to shine upon all flesh, and eventually usher all his children into liberty, even the glorious liberty of his Son.

D. D. S.

WERE the rejectors of Christianity to calmly meditate on the absurdities they believe, which are fairly forced on their minds by this rejection, they would be convinced of the truth of the remark that it requires more actual credulity to deny than to receive Christianity—more credulity they must have to give assent to the miserable subterfuges of declaimers against Christianity, than were requisite to receive the most absurd doctrines of the strangest system that ever pretended to be founded on Christianity.

## MY MOTHER.

Original.

THERE is deep meaning in that word,  
From infant lips so often heard.—  
My mother! 'tis a thrilling tone,  
It hath a charm that's all its own.  
Worn, weary man may wander far,  
Through distant lands, in peace or war,  
May join the reckless in their mirth,  
Or mourn that he's alone on earth;  
But let him hear this little word,  
And in his heart what thoughts are stirr'd,  
Of days gone by, when on her breast,  
She hush'd his ev'ry care to rest,

And strove to teach his little heart to pray,  
And know what mercies crown'd him ev'ry day.  
But when he saw that mother in her grave,  
Or left her comfortless, and sought the wave,—  
O! there are thoughts that burn within his heart,  
And even from himself he fain would part.  
But there are brighter thoughts than these that come,  
To cheer the heart where vice hath not a home,

When all a mother's cares and tears,  
Were not in vain,—in riper years,  
She saw that bud unfold for heav'n,  
And bless'd the hand by whom 'twas given.  
My mother! 'tis a lovely word,  
As e'er from infant lips was heard.—  
Man must be sunk, and lost, and vile,  
Who can forget a mother's smile.

O! mothers! whilst ye bend the infant mind,  
Be firm, but gentle, O! be ever kind.  
A mother should be taught in wisdom's school,  
Else she who teaches is herself a fool.

MARIA.

## VISIT TO MAINE.

Original.

ON the morning of the 13th of June last, in company with our 'better half,' and two small ones, which help make up the family, we left the beautiful village of Hingham on a tour to the eastward. The weather was fine, and every thing round about seemed to wear the aspect of joy and gladness, on beholding the bright monarch of day, whose face had not been discovered any length of time for the preceding three weeks.

The evening of the 14th brought us safe into the pleasant town of Portsmouth, N. H. This is the place where we spent a few years of our earlier life, viz., that part between youth and manhood, when, generally speaking, of all



the stages of human existence the mind is then the most unsettled. On the two succeeding days the New Hampshire Convention of Universalists held their annual meeting in that place; on which occasion Br. Moses Ballou was installed pastor over the Portsmouth society. May the connection thus formed be durable, agreeable and profitable. Inasmuch as we were under the necessity of reaching Bath, Me. by the next Sunday, we could not tarry until the end of the session of that body, and therefore with great reluctance proceeded on our journey after the close of the morning exercises of Wednesday the 15th.

Passing through Dover where there is a society of believers in the Abrahamic faith, enjoying the labors of Br. J. P. Atkinson, we entered the town of Great Falls, where we spent a few hours. In this place there exists a society, who are without a minister, and we fear without proper zeal in the glorious cause which they have espoused. May they awake to their duty, and consequently to their own best interests.

The night of the 16th we spent in the *very* pretty village of Kennebunk, Me., and at the *very* hospitable house of our worthy friend, Esq. Osborn. Our heart leaped for joy at the story Br. Osborn told us of the standing and prospects of the little society in that place. The brethren there have struggled hard, and by unwearied perseverance have been able to enter into an engagement with our good Br. Rand to supply them with preaching every sabbath for one year. Go on brethren in the way of perseverance and truth, for you may yet see to your astonishment and gratification, 'a little one become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.'

The 17th we passed on the road from the last named place to Portland where we arrived about dark, and spent the night. This is a pleasant city, as well as one of much activity and business. The Universalists in this place are very respectable for numbers, and for character. They have a neat church, but not large enough for their accommodation. I heard not a few say, that the only reason they did not attend the Universalist meeting was, because they could obtain no pew in the meetinghouse.

Br. D. D. Smith is the settled pastor over this society. At present every thing moves on in Portland about right. May the friends of truth continue to prosper and multiply, until it is found expedient and even necessary, to erect another church in the south part of the city.

The 18th. Having placed the wife with one child on board the steamboat bound to Hallowell, in order that they might reach the end of their journey a day or two sooner, and with less fatigue than ourself, we started on by land, passing through North Yarmouth, once the strong hold of Calvinistic Orthodoxy, but now fast yielding to more liberal and just sentiments.

The doctrine of God's free, universal, unchanging grace, has obtained a permanent residence in that place. A fine little commodious church has been erected there, and dedicated to the living God, 'who is the Savior of all men.' Br. Thompson, a good man and true, ministers to the people in holy things. His labors have been blessed wonderfully the past year, in that once bigoted and most rigid town.

In company with Br. W. A. Drew of Augusta, whom we met at Yarmouth, we passed on in the rain, (falling copiously) and through the mud, (an article not uncommon in that section of the country) to Freeport, the town where we first proclaimed for any stated time the glad tidings of salvation; the town where we received the sacred rite of ordination—the town where we made an engagement during life for 'better or for worse'—the town which on account of so many interesting and peculiar circumstances, we shall always think of, and look upon with more than ordinary regard. *There* still exists a society of those who believe in the 'restitution of all things, spoken of by the mouth of all God's holy prophets since the world began.' They have a meetinghouse dedicated to God, I think, more than thirty years ago, by Rev. Hosea Ballou, pastor of the Second Universalist Society in Boston, a divine extensively known throughout the country as being remarkably strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, having wrestled with astonishing success 'against principalities and powers, and against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places.'

Sunday morn, 19th. Rode to Bath, where we had an appointment to preach on that day. In this place there are a number of worthy Universalists, and they only need the strength of *union* and *zeal* combined, to carry on every desirable operation. They could have their constant meetings, and their settled teacher, and enjoy every gospel privilege. Soon may measures be taken to accomplish *all this*, and thus see their society coming up again out of a state



of coldness, darkness and death, adorned 'as a bride for her husband.'

Monday 20th. Left Bath, and proceeded on to Augusta. On the way we ought to notice Brunswick, the seat of Bowdoin College; a handsome town, principally orthodox, but not altogether, thank God. A few strong Universalists reside here, who have done considerable for the cause of truth. They own a good church, and have preaching a part of the time. Father Stetson lives here at present, an honorable man, and a sound preacher. Once orthodox, now Universalist. Bowdoinham, eight miles distant from Brunswick, contains a very good, strong, healthy and zealous society. The brethren are wide awake to their every privilege and duty, and under the teachings of Br. Burt, a judicious young man, they prosper, and grow admirably.

At night we reached Augusta, the capital of the state, where resides Br. Drew, the editor of the Gospel Banner, and formerly of the Christian Intelligencer. The Banner has lately united with it the Christian Pilot of North Yarmouth, edited by Br. Z. Thompson. This is a most wise and just arrangement. There should be but *one* Universalist weekly paper published in Maine, and as the Banner is the most central, it would seem that 'public good and convenience' required the perpetuity of that paper, and that *only*. Another consideration—the Banner is well *printed*, well *edited*, and unquestionably the *best* paper of a religious character in the district of Maine, and second to none in the Union. Its editor and his associates constitute an invincible phalanx of christian soldiery. In Augusta there is a fine society of Universalists, to which Br. Drew preaches stately, in one of the prettiest modeled and finished churches there is, in the order. The doctrine is gaining ground in that place and vicinity very fast.

While we tarried in town, the orthodox were holding their annual state convention in the place. We did not attend any of their meetings except one, viz. the forenoon of the first day, on which occasion we became so disgusted with the sentiments advanced, that we could not repeat our attendance without wounding our conscience.

We were told in plain English, by a Mr. Tenney of Vt., that the saints in heaven would rejoice, and sing hallelujah on beholding the smoke of their fellow beings ascend up from hell, forever and ever; and that the only reason why we did not in this world rejoice over the miseries

of our kindred, was because our natures are carnal, and because we do not have a true and correct view of God's justice and benevolence—yes, *benevolence*! If this be a fact, which in point of goodness and desirableness is the *best* place, earth or heaven? Judge ye, kind reader.

Friday 24th. We bade farewell to the delightful town of Augusta, and pursued the road to Freeport, where we tarried over the Sabbath, and fulfilled an engagement we had with the brethren to speak unto them the words of eternal life. The meeting was well attended, and we were glad to be informed, that the society had taken measures to employ Br. Thompson of N. Yarmouth, a portion of the time.

Monday 27th. We left Freeport for Bath, where we were joined by Br. Swasey, a warm hearted Universalist, on our way to the town of Hope.

We must pass over many interesting interviews which we enjoyed on the road with our friends in Wiscasset, Waldoborough and Union, in each of which places are to be found many firm and upright supporters of the doctrine of impartial love.

At Hope we arrived on the morn of the 29th, and there found a great number of our friends and brethren from all parts of the state, assembled for the purpose of holding the yearly meeting of the Maine Convention. We spent two days in that *hopeful* place, and enjoyed ourself beyond expression. The public services were very fully attended throughout. The *social* meetings evening and morning, were very pleasant. And what added to their interest was the circumstance of hearing an aged orthodox man declare his change of feelings and views. He seemed to think, that the Universalists never had so good, so joyful a season before; certainly he never experienced the like. He felt free and happy, and could say with the apostle: 'Believing he rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' The business of the counsel was transacted in harmony and good feeling, and no circumstance on the occasion caused the least unpleasantness to our mind, except that of the disapproval of the establishment of a Theological Seminary. Nevertheless, we are not disposed to murmur; the object will yet be attained—'there is nothing more certain written in the book of fate.'

Thursday 30th. After the services of the afternoon, we turned our face homeward, much gratified with our visit to the valley of Hope.



Put up for the night with our steadfast friend in the cause of Universalism, Gen. McCobb of Waldoborough, whose doors are ever open for the reception of all those of like precious faith with himself, and his table ever spread for their refreshment. The next morning we took our seat again in the carriage, and proceeded towards Bath, calling on a few old acquaintances by the way, where we arrived in health and safety, after a most beautiful day's ride. Beautiful, because it was a peculiar, a singular kind of a day. The sun was discoverable all the day, and wore the appearance of a ball of fire, though not so dazzling but what the naked eye could gaze upon it with perfect composure, and without the slightest inconvenience. The atmosphere was not heavy, but apparently filled with a lightish smoke, by no means disagreeable. In the region where we were, it might be called a delightful day—such indeed it was, for journeying at least.

On the 3d of July, it being Sunday, we again lifted up our voice unto the people of Bath, who had assembled to hear what we had to say 'concerning the sect which is everywhere spoken against.' We discharged our obligations to the brethren there, and immediately left for Freeport, where we tarried until Wednesday the 6th, enjoying the company of those we love, and with whom in days bygone, we have taken 'sweet counsel.'

July 6th. We left the friendly habitation of our esteemed brother Bailey, to whom we felt exceedingly grateful for his numerous favors to us ward, and directed our course for Portland, where, after spending a few hours with former beloved neighbors, we took passage on board the steamer 'Portland,' horse, carriage, baggage and all. At 7 o'clock we departed from the wharf, and after gliding smoothly and undisturbed along for the space of three hours, we entered our birth, and yielding to the influence of 'nature's sweet restorer,' quietly slept away the night, until our slumbers were broke by the ringing of the bell as a token for the passengers to arise, and prepare for their exit. At 5 in the morning we were securely harbored in Boston.

One word respecting the boat, that safely conveyed us from city to city in 10 hours. The 'Portland' is the very best steamboat in this part of the country, if not in the United States. She is elegantly finished, and her accommodations

are ample and superb. Her captain is excelled by no other for acquaintance with his profession, and affability and generosity of manners. If any body doubts our story, just step on board and ascertain for yourself, whether we are mistaken or not, by taking a trip to Portland.

July 7th. After the lapse of nearly 4 weeks, we entered the town of Hingham, glad to see the place—glad to see the people—glad to reach home—'sweet home,' and we trust grateful to God for our preservation, and the continuance of his love and kindness unto us.

Indulge me with a few reflections, patient reader, and I am done.

It may truly be said, that Universalism is strong in Maine, and that its supporters in most places have a zeal according to knowledge. But one great fault is discoverable in many towns, which tends to keep back the spread of truth, and to check all desirable prosperity. The fault is, a sad negligence on the part of those who have the good of the cause at heart, in not doing what they can do to support meetings, whether they have a preacher or not. If there are but five men of property in a place, they ought occasionally to have preaching, if not oftener than once or twice a year, for it may chance work wonders for the cause. They ought to unite with others of a neighboring town, and support a minister, or hold meetings themselves, and thus honor God according to their understanding of his character and commands.

Brethren and sisters in the holy faith of the gospel of truth and salvation, let me exhort you to be faithful, persevering, patient, sober, and abound in every good work. The doctrine you believe, is a never failing source of comfort and joy—suited to all the variety of scenes and circumstances incident to mortal life. Its precepts are pure, holy and good—its influence is salutary, and its nature altogether heavenly. Finally, in the language of Paul, and according to the spirit of our doctrine, permit me to say: 'Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'

A. A. F.

Hingham, July 14th.

ERRATUM. Page 70, col. 1, 6th line from top, for 'broach' read 'broad.'



## THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Original.

I LOVE to enter a village churchyard, and roam amid the graves of the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the humble and the exalted. There is calm and holy religion in the associations of the place that inspires meditations of a soothing and elevated nature, and well suited to make the heart better—more humble, charitable, and kind, and wean it from the petty pursuits that clog the spirit in its upward flight, and retard the mind in its advancement. I scarce ever fail to visit the palaces of the dead when I tarry at any village—I have witnessed many touching incidents at such places, and never returned from any unrepaid for my task of seeking it out.

When at L——, I sought out my favorite resort, and was deeply affected by a simple circumstance that occurred there, which led my mind into a train of profitable thought. Beside a small white stone, on which were sketched the initials of a name, there bent three forms in bitter grief. One was a maiden, on whose brow some twenty years had shed their smiles and tears, their sunshine and their shade; by her side a fair boy and girl, of tender age, knelt in mute sorrow, while their little hands twined a blooming wreath of fresh wild flowers around the simple stone, and bathed the rosy garland with their tears. The maiden laid her hands upon the heads of the two little ones, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, she poured out her soul in prayer full of calm confidence in Heaven. A holy smile spread over her illumined face as she closed, that plainly told the Comforter had come and visited her sad heart; then kissing the tears of infant grief away, she spoke to those beside her of their dear *mother*, and the hopes and comforts religion gives when weeping over the grave of fond affection.

They passed away, and left me a solitary one amid the dead. O, thought I, what a crowd of tender thoughts must have gathered round their innocent hearts as there they bent in anguish over the grave of their mother—dearest name. The smile that gladdened their youthful hours, was gone—the voice that counselled, cautioned and soothed their pain, was hushed, no more to sound on earth—and she was gone who often at their couch at eve knelt with them, folded their

little hands, and taught them how to pray; and soon as the morning hour awakened them from their dreams, was there to bless and smile upon them. Their cottage home is dark—its sunlight hath departed, and orphans leave at evening's pensive hour to greet the humble grave—scatter wild flowers there, and feel that their mother doth from high heaven look down upon them, and smile as she views their kind attentions at her grave—there they call up each word of precept or advice, which she had spoken to them, and hallowed in their hearts are her fervent wishes for the goodness of her children—there affection's bond is strengthened, and they learn from memory of their mother's love to serve, be kind and gentle toward each other.

Child of vain philosophy! tear not from that humble group their only staff—steal not the bread of heaven from their hungry souls, and rob them not of the blessed hope of another and a better life. And when this frail body dies,

O lay me not in the cell under ground,  
With gloom, and horror, and darkness around;  
But make my bed 'neath the open sky,  
Where the glorious sunbeams may smiling lie,  
Where the dews may fall, and the green grass wave,  
And the soft rain come down to bright flowers lave,  
And singing birds come with their cheerful song,  
To bid the pilgrim step there tarry long,  
And not haste away from my verdant tomb,  
Where music and flowers disperses all gloom,  
And bid the mourner no longer be sad,  
But, with hope in God, look up and be glad.

SOPHIA.

## FRAGMENT.

It were better that we seek the truths of religion in the hour of gladness, that they may be by us at the time of sorrow. The attraction of heaven should be constantly felt, and its reality more vivid in the mind. We then could bid farewell to the loved with deep and well grounded assurance that they go to the spirit's home, where 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' There we shall in due time meet them, and know that in that realm the eye is never wet with tears, nor shall the inhabitant feel sickness, or pain, but love and bliss be the life spring to all.



## THE OCEAN.

Original.

I STAND on the beach of the rolling ocean,  
While the stars to its depths their beauty show,  
And the sea weed bends with a graceful motion,  
As the moon looks down on the pearls below.

The dark tempest lurks 'neath thy placid cover,  
Though the moonbeams smile on its quiet rest,  
Yet many have passed thy smooth surface over,  
And found a grave in its treacherous breast.

Yes ! boundless the wealth thou art closely keeping  
With a miserly care beneath thy waves,  
And countless the fair forms now calmly sleeping  
Untouched by time in thy coral caves.

Though wide is the waste of thy waters lonely,  
There is One who can weigh the deep at will,  
And the wild waves obey His mandate only,  
Who can say to their raging, 'Peace, be still !'

Hartford, Ct.

M. A. D.

## A TALE OF NANTUCKET.

Original.

It may be unnecessary to inform the reader that the Island of Nantucket is remarkable for being the first seaport from which vessels of this country sailed in pursuit of whales. Although the number of vessels belonging to Nantucket, and employed in this description of fishery, is not now so great as that belonging to New Bedford, yet the former place was originally the great depot of the whaler. Many of the ships belonging to New Bedford and other places, are even now commanded by Nantucketmen. Although, to this day, the inhabitants of the island may be distinguished by names almost peculiar to the place, yet this peculiarity was, at the time that our scene is laid, much more striking than at present. The communication with the main land was less frequent, and like the children of Israel, the inhabitants appeared almost shut out from communion with foreigners. The intimate acquaintance subsisting between the few families which, at that time, resided on the island, enabled them to detect the arrival of a stranger among them, on his first appearance, and their hospitality to such a one, bore no small resemblance to that of the native Indians, who had so

soon melted away—like ice before the blaze of the sun—and given place to the white settlers. As yet, but few ships had ventured round Cape Horn, but the taking of whales was principally confined to the coast of Africa, the neighborhood of the Western Islands, and one or two other places in the Atlantic Ocean.

Such was the state of the islanders at the time in which our scene opens. It was near midsummer. The day had been unusually sultry, and now that the evening breezes began to blow from the water upon the sea girdled land, many of the inhabitants had ventured out to take the air, and converse at their leisure upon the few topics which may be supposed to have occupied the minds of so isolated a people. Among the rest was an elderly man dressed in the primitive style of the day, who wandered near the cliffs which overlook the northern shore; while by his side walked a damsel, apparently seventeen years of age. The gentleman was rather above the middling height, and of muscular proportions. His grave countenance, added to the peculiar form of his dress, proclaimed him a member of the Society of Friends. The daughter, for such was the relation she bore to him, was of a slender but well proportioned form, and moved with a light and agile step; yet as she occasionally turned to look at the broad ocean, upon which the gloom of night was fast settling, there was an expression of wistful concern in her countenance, for which one acquainted with the habits of the islanders would be at no great loss to account. But lest it may not be as apparent to the reader, I will proceed to give some account of the conversation which took place between her and her father. They had reached a spot where it was customary to turn off, and leaving the prospect of the ocean, move farther inland. As the old gentleman was about turning away, he observed that his daughter lingered a little, as if desirous to take a longer look at the waves of the sea, which had now begun to tumble in upon the beach with some noise as the wind increased.

'The air is chill, Ruth,' said he; thou shouldst have thrown something over thy shoulders before leaving home—but let us haste before the night air brings on a return of thy cough.'

'In a moment, father,' replied she, still gazing abroad on the face of the troubled waters. The father patiently remained a few moments longer, resting his arm over the top of a pointed rock; and then advancing to the side of the si-



lent maiden, he gently drew her arm within his own, and said, smiling, 'Come, my child, thy eyes will hardly reach the Equator, and thy brother is not yet at the northward of it. Have patience, and a few months will restore him to our threshold—with a full cargo of oil, I hope.'

'It does appear to me,' answered the girl, now smiling in return, and preparing to depart, 'that the oil is scarcely worth the exposure, the danger, and the long absence from home and friends which the whalemén are obliged to endure. The sea is awful in its anger. Look how those breakers dash themselves in pieces, and roar and foam around yon little black rock which lies at a short distance from the shore.'

Her father was well acquainted with the coast, but he had never seen any thing like a rock near the place where they stood, excepting a few which lay high and dry upon the beach—he therefore turned mechanically to look in the direction pointed out by Ruth. He was surprised to see a dark substance lying on the surface of the water, but as there was much seaweed in those parts, he replied: 'It is no rock, Ruth. Thou mayest observe that it moves upon the waves. I take it to be a bunch of weed.'

Not being fully satisfied, however, he did not immediately move from the spot, but cast his eyes toward the horizon, as if to seek an explanation of the circumstance. He was suddenly aroused by a short cry from Ruth, who cried, as she started back from the edge of the cliff—'It moves, father! it moves!' The old gentleman quickly discovered that what he had taken for a bunch of seaweed, was a light canoe—he could see the dash of the paddles in the water, as it glided swiftly up the coast, with its head rather inclining off shore. 'Holloa! boat ahoi!' cried he, in the usual manner of hailing a strange vessel; but no answer was returned. The little canoe continued to move silently but swiftly along shore, riding the billows in safety, while the form of a human being bowing to the paddles, could be faintly distinguished through the increasing gloom.

The father and daughter looked at each other in surprise. 'He must certainly have heard the call,' said Ruth.

'Yes, and he has no doubt seen us too. Why should he endeavor to avoid us? He must be a rogue, or an Indian bent on some mischief.'

The gentleman looked about him for some person in whose hands he could confide his

daughter, for he was desirous of following the boat, and discovering what could be the object of the individual whom it contained.'

'Paul, how does thee do?' said a tall, spare man, whose dress bore a close resemblance to him whom he addressed, and who had till now been hidden from the view of the latter by the shadow of a large rock.

I am glad to see thee at this moment, David,' answered the other, leading forward his daughter. 'Hast thou heard of any strangers lurking about the island?'

'None,' replied David; 'but I trust I have observed the boat which thou hast been hailing. I had been looking at the object several minutes before it was perceived by thyself.'

'And what dost thou think of her? Had we not better give chase, and try to make her out?'

'There has a packet arrived in the harbor this evening,' replied David, coolly.

'Indeed!' said Paul; 'from Boston, I suppose.'

'Thou art right. There are several passengers, and one of them is at my house. The other two have taken lodgings with Obed.'

'Then that accounts for the boat,' replied Paul. 'Some of the hands from the packet are probably out amusing themselves.'

'It is very likely,' said the other; 'and yet I wonder they did not answer thy hail. It was hardly courteous.'

'Well, well—we will not meddle with them,' said Paul, moving toward home with his daughter, while the person called David walked deliberately at his side. 'But what sort of a man is the stranger who abides at thy house? Is he one of us?'

'His manner and appearance are like unto the world's people,' said David, 'but he is nevertheless a man of godliness, and speaketh religiously.'

The conversation which now ensued would hardly repay the reader for the trouble of perusing it, but in the course of half an hour, they had reached the door of a low wooden house, with a small garden in front, and David said, as he opened the gate, 'Well, friends, will you stop and rest yourselves?'

Without much reply, Paul followed his friend into the house, with Ruth at his elbow. On entering the principal room, Paul and his daughter encountered a stately looking man seated in an arm chair, with his spectacles on his nose, and



engaged in reading a book which he had found on the table. The wife of David sat near a window knitting, but threw down her work when the door opened, and saluted Ruth with great kindness and respect. Paul was immediately introduced to the stranger as Paul Hussey. The name of the visitor was Preserved Hathaway.

'Thou art from Boston,' I understand,' said Mr. Hussey, as he sat down.

The stranger fixed his keen gray eyes upon the countenance of the interrogator, and answered with great gravity,

'I am from that town, Sir.'

'Shouldst thou be disposed to remain any time among us, should be glad to see thee at my house.'

'That depends upon how soon I finish the business upon which I am come,' returned he, still more sternly, and laying down the book and taking off his spectacles with the air of a man on urgent business.

A short pause ensued, during which Ruth cast several timid glances at the last speaker, and shuddered at the austere and forbidding expression of his features.

'Do you hold to the principles contained in this book?' asked Mr. Hathaway, looking rather fiercely at the master of the house, and spurning the volume with his thumb.

'The doctrines which it contains, are consistent with Scripture, I believe,' said David, quietly.

The stranger maintained a stern silence for a few moments, and then said abruptly—  
'Are there no Christians on this island, sirs?'

By this time every individual in the room was perfectly acquainted with the character of the guest. A century had not elapsed since several of their denomination had sealed their testimony with their lives, and there were some then living on the island who had witnessed their execution on the very ground which is now styled 'Boston Common.' That Hathaway was a descendant from the persecutors was now apparent. The feelings of these hospitable people were wounded by the hasty question of the stranger, but they answered with perfect calmness, 'If by Christians thou meanest such as hold a similar faith to that principally professed in Boston, we believe thou wilt find but few of them among us.'

The stranger looked disappointed, and after frowning bitterly on the book which he had just laid down, he sunk back in his chair, and main-

tained a stern silence. In the course of a few painful moments, Mr. Hussey arose, and bade farewell to the stranger and his entertainers. Ruth did the same, and the father and daughter passed through the door. As soon as they had gained the outer air, Ruth said to her father: 'Didst thou observe the awful frown which the stranger put on when he perceived that we were Friends?'

Mr. Hussey did not answer immediately, and when he did so, it was in a cautious and deliberate manner. 'Our worthy predecessors,' said he, 'were forced to endure something else besides frowns from the people whose hearts were hardened against them. We should be thankful that we live in an age when the lions' mouths are shut.'

'They can roar yet, father,' said Ruth, laughing slightly.

Mr. Hussey did not reply, but seemed to be engaged in speculations of grave import. He entered his house in the same serious manner, and after seating himself, said to his little son—  
'Peleg, run over to Obed Folger's house, and ask him if he will be so kind as to call here and see me, before he goes to bed.'

Ruth seated herself near her father, and watched the grave expression of his countenance with anxiety and some alarm. It was not long before young Peleg returned with the gentleman for whom he had been sent. The latter individual was a short, portly old gentleman, on whose open and cheerful brow the gray hairs were plentifully sprinkled, and who seemed obliged to put some restraint on his natural flow of good spirits, in order to maintain sufficient gravity to keep his plain and friendly garb in countenance. He entered the room very briskly, and, shaking Mr. Hussey heartily by the hand, said: 'Well, Paul, thou hast sent for me to call and see thee, and as I have found it rather dull music to maintain a conversation with those I have left behind, I made no scruple of obeying thee with alacrity.'

'Thou hast visitors,' said the other, smiling faintly, in answer to the hilarity of his friend.

'Yes, yes—they came in the Boston packet,' replied Mr. Folger. 'There is another at the house of David Barnard.'

'I have seen him,' replied Paul, 'dost thou know for what purpose these severe sectaries have come upon our peaceful island?'

'Oh yes, I have learned the whole. The one



called Hathaway, who abides with David, has lost an unruly son, of whom he is in pursuit.'

'And does he expect to find him here!' cried Mr. Hussey. 'No such person has been on the island.'

'It is very strange,' said Obed, beginning to look thoughtful. 'Thou says truly, no lad has come in any of the packets from the main.'

A silence ensued, during which the two gentlemen looked much puzzled, when suddenly Ruth started, and laying her finger on her father's arm, said in a low voice, 'The canoe!'

'No, Ruth, it cannot be!' cried he, suddenly turning towards her. Obed looked up for an explanation. Mr. Hussey then told his friend the history of the boat, which we have already related in the first part of the narrative. Obed thought a moment, and then said: 'As he did not answer thy hail, and seemed disposed to avoid observation, I should not wonder if the person in the canoe was he of whom these people are in search.'

'I am persuaded that it is very possible,' said Mr. Hussey, thoughtfully; for no person belonging to the island would have behaved so unneighborly.'

Obed made particular inquiries about the exact spot where the canoe was seen, the direction in which it was steered, and the time of the evening in which it was discovered. As soon as he had fully satisfied himself with regard to all these particulars, he started up, and was about seizing his hat, when Hussey placed his hand upon the arm of his friend, and gently detained him. Obed turned with an inquiring stare.

'Stay a moment, if thou please,' said he.

'But there is not an instant to spare!' cried the other. 'The lad's father'——

'Thou rememberest,' said Hussey, gravely, 'how often the ancient worthies of our society were obliged to flee from their persecutors—and how the first settlers of this country deserted their native land, in order that they might find a place in which they could worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.'

'But this is a wicked youth who has fled from his father!'

'Hast thou seen his father?'

'I was going to see him, even now, when thou seized my arm.'

'So I supposed. Art thou certain that he is a wicked youth? Why then should he have come among us? Remember William Penn, whose

father persecuted him for the truth which he professed, and shut him in a room where he suffered much. The persecutors of the righteous always lay sin to their charge, and accuse them of "*damnable heresies*."

'Well,' said Obed, calmly resuming his seat, 'perhaps thou art right. But didst thou not observe that friend Barnard was with thee when the canoe was discovered?'

'I did; and he may unthinkingly betray the boy'——

Here he was interrupted by the glare of several torches, which cast their strong light through the windows, and the trampling of feet. 'To the cliff! to the cliff!' shouted a voice which Ruth recognized as that of a young sea captain by the name of Cannon.

'They are now in pursuit of him!' said Obed Folger, 'we may as well go too, lest evil befall the young man.'

'I doubt the affection of that parent who could employ those rude and harsh young men to hunt his son like a deer before the hounds,' said Hussey; but as he ceased, the door opened, and David Barnard came in with the exasperated father of the runaway.

'Come, friends! let us go in pursuit. The canoe which we saw contains, without doubt, the son of my guest,' said Barnard. 'Let us pursue!'

The meek fortitude of the peaceful Quaker was here apparent. Heedless of the lowering and almost withering glance of the bigot, Mr. Hussey remained stationary in his chair, as he replied: 'Before engaging in this matter, it is right that I should be informed for what cause the lad has left the roof of his parents.'

Hathaway frothed at the mouth as he answered, 'Is it not enough that I am his father, and he has forsaken his home!'

'If he has forsaken it for the cause of Christ, he has only fulfilled the Scripture which says: "He that will not forsake father and mother, houses and lands for my sake"——

'Vile heretic!' exclaimed the zealot—'learn that he hath denounced the creed of his fathers; I will make him recant, or I will'——

The violent man was for a moment choked with passion, and Hussey took the opportunity to reply: 'Nay—I had not thought so; and yet I believe in perfect liberty of conscience, and can have nothing to do with this violent business.'



The fierce stranger turned away and bounded out of the house like a raging tiger, followed more leisurely by David Barnard and Obed Folger, who appeared to have lost all interest in the singular chase.

When Mr. Hussey and Ruth were once more left alone, the former turned to his daughter and said, 'I am sorry that our peaceful settlement should be disturbed by these proceedings. I, at first, suspected that the lad was flying from persecution, and so it is; but I am sorry that he holds such inconsistent and unscriptural opinions as that all men shall be saved. Nevertheless, his father believes that almost all men shall be damned, and the one error balances the other.'

'I should prefer the error of the son,' said Ruth, meekly, and without looking up from the floor.

Hussey made some remarks about the law written in the heart, and telling Ruth she had better retire soon, withdrew to his own chamber.

Ruth pondered seriously upon all she had seen and heard, and shuddered with superstitious fear when she found her heart leaning toward the doctrine of Universal Salvation, a doctrine which had not then found any other advocate in America, excepting the son of the outrageous puritan. She took a lamp and stole quietly up to her chamber, when she saw to her surprise, that the bed usually occupied by her little brother Peleg was empty. She flew down stairs in alarm, and after searching every part of the house in vain, the thought struck her that the active and roguish lad had been enticed away by the torches and the excitement of the pursuers. She did not feel much uneasiness after she came to this conclusion, for the boy was known to every one on the island, and would not come to harm. She perceived, however, that she had a tedious watch to keep until his return, for being the housekeeper of her widowed father, she never retired to rest until every inmate of the house had come home. She went out to while away the time, by walking in the garden in the rear of the house. The cool refreshing breeze was grateful to her temples, and the lovely night shed its quieting balm upon the soul of the innocent young girl. She looked up at the bright and glittering stars, and inly asked, if the great Author of this majestic and glorious universe, could be any other but a God of mercy. Then again the prejudices of education clogged her aspiring spirit, and she fancied she saw the Deity frowning from the heavens upon

her *impious* and *heretical* thoughts. At that moment something thundered against the high fence which surrounded the yard; and before she had time to regain her presence of mind, a human being leaped from the top of the fence into the yard. She fled toward the house, but before she could reach it a mild and harmonious, though hurried voice, bade her not to be alarmed, for that no evil was intended against her. Ruth saw that the one who had come so unceremoniously into her presence, was a youth of fine proportions and pleasing address, but perhaps she would still have turned a deaf ear to his words, had not a distant yell been at that moment heard, and the trampling of many feet.

'Are you the person they pursue?' said she, as the truth flashed upon her heart. 'I am, I am,' said he. 'I have just landed on your island in a canoe. I was discovered just as I stepped on shore, and I heard my father's angry voice among the crowd. Must I go back to my dungeon again!'

'Come!' said Ruth, trembling and blushing, but mustering all that fortitude for which woman is distinguished in the hour of peril to the unfortunate.

The young man bowed low, and followed his lovely conductor. She led him into the cellar, where she lifted a flat stone, under which was a deep excavation, sometimes used for butter and milk in hot weather, but which was now fortunately empty. The youth descended, and Ruth covered him over. She then hastily ascended to the parlor. In a moment afterward, the crowd swept by, with whoop and halloo. Little Peleg came gliding into the room at the same time, demanding in trembling tones, if his father had missed him. Ruth satisfied him on that head, and then told him to go with her to the cellar. The youth was released from his confinement, and lighted to a chamber. In the morning, Ruth broke the intelligence to her father that the lad was with them. 'Well, well, I leave all to thee,' said he, 'for thou art mistress of the house.' The youth was kept concealed until his father left the island, when he appeared more openly, and won the hearts of all who became acquainted with him; by which it may be inferred that he won the heart of Ruth also. About three months after the first conference between Ruth and Christian Hathaway, they were linked in marriage. They lived together happily for many years, and great was their joy when they heard that one, gifted with eloquence and many



transcendent virtues, had publicly proclaimed those 'glad tidings of great joy' in Boston, which were first uttered by the angels at the birth of our common Savior.

ELA.

## DEDICATION OF AN ALBUM.

Original.

Go, LITTLE stranger ;—cull sweet flowers  
From love and friendship's rosy bowers ;  
Choice flowers, that here shall blooming lie,  
And never droop, nor fade, nor die.

Fair is the maid who bids thee go—  
Unstained thy pages—white as snow ;  
Forth—be thou decked with roses rare,  
To cheer the hours of grief and care.

Let not rude flattery enter here,  
Nor fraud's foul stain on thee appear ;  
But virtue fair her garlands twine,  
And lay them on this sacred shrine.

Then, when her fairy dreams are flown,  
And, loved ones dead, she weeps alone,  
Thou still shalt live ; and here she'll rove  
Mid memories of departed love.

M. B. W.

Saccarappa, Me.

## WISE CONDUCT.

Original.

'I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.'  
Ps. 119. 59.

HERE is an example which every sinful child of God should imitate. This passage supposes that the Author of it had gone out of the way of the divine commandments. Had this not been the case, he would have had no occasion to turn his feet unto them. There would have been no necessity for his turning his feet, unless they had been going wrong.

We also learn from this passage, that the great reason why mankind wander from the holy testimonies of God is, they do not carefully and rightly think on their ways ; for if David, by thinking on his ways, was brought to turn his feet, it is very clear, that had he as carefully thought on his ways earlier, he never would

have gone out of the correct way so as to render turning necessary. This fact is illustrated by the prodigal son, mentioned in our Savior's parable. Had that young man duly considered his ways, he never would have left his father's house as he did,—he never would have engaged in those scenes of dissipation and unlawful indulgences, which robbed him of his fortune, and good name, and reduced him to poverty, want, and misery. Had he thought on his ways as seriously and as wisely before he went astray as he did afterwards, when he had 'wasted his living,' and was perishing with hunger, and formed the resolve that he would go home to his father, he never would have disobeyed and forsaken that father. This youth is not a solitary illustration of our subject. There are hundreds—yes, thousands of youths upon whom the poisonous load of ruin and misery has been piled, by the means of their guilty, depraved conduct, who, if they had sooner thought on their ways, and considered well the sure consequences of their vicious conduct, would never have plunged themselves into those imprudences, and excesses, and vices which have disgraced their names, and involved them in wretchedness.

The thinking, wise, contemplative mind, ever discovers in the Divine testimonies or requirements an attraction, charm, and beauty, which he is unwilling to sacrifice on the altar of iniquity. He sees the hand of Infinite love—the goodness of an ever kind Father—substantial, forever flowing happiness in those requirements. He delights to bathe his soul in their pure, limpid streams. Opposed to them, he sees that all is darkness—all is danger—all is unhappiness. By thinking on our ways as we ought, not only the requirements of religion are recommended to us, but God is also recommended, who has graciously given them.

We would remark concerning licentious practices, that it is most wise and prudent to keep ourselves entirely free from them. It is easier doing this—it is easier combating and subduing the first temptations to unholy indulgences, than it is overcoming or setting bounds to them after we have yielded ourselves their captives and slaves. This fact is not duly considered ; and it may be that some do not believe that it is fact. Many of our race seem to rush thoughtlessly into vicious courses—they know not what they are doing when they turn their feet from the testimonies of the Lord—what struggles—what con-



tests—what miseries—what torments they are preparing for themselves. We would believe that there is not a man or woman in the wide world, who commences a depraved course of conduct with the deliberate intention of pursuing it till death. No: as an author has well said—‘That is not the plan even of the worst, much less of the generality of mankind. Their plan is to allow themselves to a certain length, and there stop; for a certain time, and then reform; in such and such opportunities and temptations, but in no more. Now to such persons, and to such plans, we say this; that it would not have cost them one tenth of the mortification, pain and self denial, to have kept themselves at a distance from sin, that it must and will cost them to break it off; adding the further consideration, that, so long as men preserve their innocence, the consciousness of doing what is right, is the strongest possible support of their resolution, and the most constant source of satisfaction to their thoughts; but when men begin to give way to vicious indulgences, another state of things takes place in their breasts. The heart is disturbed—it struggles to overcome temptation, but is defeated—it forms good resolutions, which are almost as soon broken as formed—self reproach, and self condemnation, drive away all quietness and tranquillity of conscience.’ In the heart, all is agitation, bitterness and remorse.

We then say to all our race, and more particularly to the youthful part of it, beware of the first departure from right doing—guard against the first step in the downward road of sin, ruin, and misery. ‘If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.’ Let the determination be engraved upon your heart, that you will never begin to violate the rules of temperance, soberness and chastity. Cautiously think of your ways, and never permit your feet to desert the testimonies of the Lord.

By comparing the condition of the innocent with that of the guilty, we shall see every rational inducement to incline us to the path of the innocent. How many bitter, dreadful reflections does the innocent person escape. How cheerful and cloudless are his days. How calm and tranquil is his repose by night. Self reproach has no stings for him. He has not murdered his own joys,—but peaceful, gladdening meditations are continually pouring their balm of life into his heart. It is not so with the guilty.

Many of our race are guilty. They will tell

us, if they will speak honestly on the subject, that it is much easier retaining innocence, than regaining it after it has been once forfeited; that it is a less trial to keep free from wrong indulgences, than to break one’s self away from them after they have become fastened upon us. But the guilty have no longer to reflect how much wiser, better, and happier it would have been for them always to have adhered firmly to the laws of true virtue, and pure religion; but another question is of the greatest consequence to them; i. e., how shall they extricate themselves from the unhappy condition into which their follies have flung them? How shall they redeem their sacrificed character? How shall they cause flowers to grow in freshness, and the birds of paradise again to sing, in the paths which sin has desolated, and rendered mournful? Can it not be done? Yes:—it is not a hopeless work. David informs us how he did it. Look at his words:—‘*I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.*’ If an intemperate person—or a gambler, or a libertine, or a person given to any other besetting sin, reads this article, the writer wishes you to pause here; you are the very person to whom we wish to speak. Look now steadily at the words: ‘*I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.*’ Do those words remind you of any thing which you ought to do? Stop—do not dismiss the question hastily. Yes;—it reminds you that you ought to think on your ways. Well—that is right; think on them. We will give you time for meditation. You have thought on them; but it was not very pleasant doing so. You had much rather think of something else, than of those sins and vicious indulgences in which you have been engaged. Had you really rather think of something else? Then attend, and we will inform you how you can have something else, which will give you much more satisfaction to think of. ‘*Turn your feet unto the testimonies of the Lord.*’ Then if you wish pleasant thoughts, you can always be favored with them, by thinking on your ways. It is not enough for you to think on, and mourn over your past unworthy conduct, but action is necessary; action in the way of reformation. As you have thought wrong, and acted sinfully, in past time, begin now to think rightly, and to act well. Do it resolutely, do it thoroughly. Turn your feet from your evil ways. You know what they are; effort is necessary. A struggle you must expect. Temptations to



repeat your unholy practices will be strong; but let your resolution to resist them be stronger. Do not think of reforming gradually. 'Would to God we could say that gradual reforms have been frequently prosperous. They are what men often attempt; they are, alas! what they usually fail in.' We must have no half way work about it. We must break off from our sins at once. We must turn our feet to the testimonies of the Lord at once. Meet the whole force of the enemy. Do it courageously, and you will conquer. The first onset will be the severest; that withstood, and you may be sure of victory.

We would say to the intemperate person, wherever he may live, dash from your lips the poisonous cup; to the gamester, quit your nefarious gaming; to the libertine, forsake your deeds of darkness; to the vicious of every description, leave *now* and *forever* your sinful pursuits. Defer not till to-morrow what should be done to-day. Procrastination is dangerous. If you do not reform now, it is not certain that you ever will do it. Flee from vice for your life; fly to the ark of safety—to the testimonies of the Lord. The storms of trouble are gathering over you; the floods of misery are collecting in a fearful deluge around you! Fly, before all that is valuable on earth, is swept from you! You can do it. Before you lay down this little manual, record in your heart, before God, the resolve that you will do it.

B. W.

## CHRISTIANITY.

Original.

CHRISTIANITY is framed of God to endure. It can stand alone; it can battle its own way; triumph; and vanquish the hearts of men. For were it not inwardly sound, did it not take deep, true, and strong hold on human nature, and possess holy sympathy with man's higher wants, it would have, ere this, fallen, died, perished. Then let none of its friends fear the attacks of designing men, or tremble lest investigation shall prove it to be 'of the earth, earthy'—no, it shall rise and rise, the sun of glory, until its beams break over all nations, and the universe of God be illumined with the truth of truths. It is for the interest of truth, that sceptics should some-

times start up in society, and we doubt not that even the attacks against Christianity serve to facilitate its actual progress. Truth is powerful; and well said the apostle:—'We can do nothing against, but for the truth.'

## EXTRACT.

Original.

To conquer *self*, is a mighty work: Solomon says truly,—'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city:' yea, it is a greater work to subdue, and keep under the enemies *within*, than to conquer our foes without; and many great and mighty men, at whose nod nations trembled, have been the most abject slaves to their own passions. Alexander, amid all his glories, and conquests, was in bondage—the slave to unrestrained anger; and in one of his angry fits slew Elitus, his most intimate, best, and most beloved friend: he that rules himself is greater than Alexander: a mightier conqueror: and, as the poet Francis says,

'By virtue's precepts to control  
The furious passions of the soul  
Is over wider realms to reign,  
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain  
You could to distant Libya join,  
And both the Carthages were thine.'

NOTICE TO THE PATRONS  
OF THE 'UNIVERSALIST.'

IN consequence of residing some distance from the city, it is not convenient for me to give that immediate and punctual attendance to the wants and wishes of the patrons of 'the Universalist' as is desirable; I do, therefore, commit the management of the editorial department of this periodical to the care of Br. Henry Bacon, who will attend to the duties thereof.

A. A. FOLSOM.

By the above announcement the editorial department of this periodical is committed to my care. In taking upon myself this charge, I make no bold professions—they are too common to be worth much, but merely say to the patrons of 'THE UNIVERSALIST,' that I will do all I can to make the work worthy the approbation of enlightened minds, and subservient to the cause of moral and religious truth.

HENRY BACON.



## NOTICES.

**'UNIVERSALISM AGAINST SUICIDE.'** This is the title of a well timed and judicious sermon by Br. Benjamin Whittemore, delivered at South Boston, in reply to a discourse by Rev. J. H. Fairchild. The circumstances which called forth this reply, are briefly these:—Some time since a young man, Loriman Stevens, committed suicide. Mr. F. on the evening of the Sabbath following the burial of the young man, made suicide the subject of discourse. In which sermon he strove to fix a stigma on Universalism, by asserting that its tendency was to lead men to the commission of suicide. Br. W. sent to Mr. F. and politely requested a copy of the sermon, which request was denied. Br. W. then resolved to answer the attack on Universalism by making use of notes of the sermon furnished him by persons who attended its delivery.

We would commend this discourse by Br. Whittemore, to public attention. It will well repay a careful perusal. The probable feelings of the young man that prompted him to the dreadful act of self destruction, are vividly and pathetically portrayed—the charges against our holy faith are met with vigorous argument, and a dark and fearful catalogue of acts of desperation, caused by the direct influence of the doctrine of endless misery, is affixed.

One circumstance connected with the delivery of Mr. F.'s sermon, was above others disgraceful in the extreme, and were not his doctrine a doctrine of total depravity, we should think his own religion would have reprobated him for it—we allude to the fact that Mr. F. so shocked and overwhelmed the feelings of young Stevens' father, who was present, by his allusions to his son, that the stricken parent was compelled to rush from the house. This outrage on parental grief by a professed minister of the compassionate Jesus, met with a merited rebuke from Br. Whittemore.—The sermon may be had at this office. Price 12 1-2 cts.

**NEW YORK.** We cannot refrain from acknowledging our unfeigned gratitude to our kind friends in N. Y. State, for their zealous efforts in our behalf. Scarce a day passes by without our receiving communications from that quarter, forwarding new subscriptions, and tendering to us approbation of our course. We hope still to receive their favor, and shall exert our utmost to deserve it.

**'UNIVERSALIST WATCHMAN.'** Brs. Moore and Fuller have made many decided improvements in the present volume of their paper. It is now a handsome quarto sheet, good paper, clear print, and filled with matter suited to interest and instruct the old and young. Altogether it is right worthy a generous patronage, which we hope they will receive. The 'Watchman' is published at Lebanon, N. H., and Montpelier, Vt., every Saturday. Terms, \$1.50, if paid in advance; \$2.00 at the end of the year; \$2.50 after the expiration of the year.

**'CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.'** This is the name of a new monthly periodical, published at Columbus, O. by Br. M. A. Chappell. The first No. we have received, and should judge it calculated to do good in the far West, in dissemi-

nating the knowledge of the doctrine of God's impartial grace, and casting down imaginations that war against man's best good. We wish the editor abundant encouragement and success.

**ORDINATION.** We learn by the Maine papers, that at the meeting of the Convention of that state, four licentiates were publicly ordained, among them our beloved Br. D. J. Mandell. May he, and they be taught and strengthened of God, that they may come before the people 'in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.'

**NEW WORK.** '*Christianity against Infidelity; or the Truth of the Gospel History.*' Such is the title of a handsome duodecimo volume of over 300 pages, from the pen of Br. Thos. B. Thayer, of Lowell. It is a well written and judicious work, more extensive than the title would seem to indicate, as it not only discusses the historical, internal and external evidences of the truth of the gospel history, but upwards of an hundred pages are well devoted to the prefatory argument—the existence of God, the reasonableness, probability, and necessity of a revelation being made to man, and the insufficiency of the light of nature for his wants.

We receive this work with great pleasure, and believe that it will do good. We commend the work to the attention of the public, and especially to the fostering patronage of the Universalist community. By purchasing it, they will encourage a worthy and talented young man, and possess themselves of a volume, which, we venture to say, contains a greater mass of vigorous argument for the truth of Christianity, than any other volume now published of equal size. Here they have a work free from the poison of false doctrine, which they can offer to their friends without fear, assured that there is not blended with the arguments errors that mar the beauty of Christianity, and lead men away from the blessed truth.

The author says in his preface: 'The object aimed at in the present volume is, the throwing together in as small a space as possible, an outline of the Christian argument;' and this object has been accomplished by great labor and deep research. The volume going forth to the world from a *Universalist*, will put to shame the foul charge that we as a denomination favor infidelity, and we hope that there are not a few who for this cause will aid its circulation. And if this notice should meet the eye of an unbeliever of christian truth, we pray him to obtain this volume; and assure him that he will therein find the sceptic and the doubter dealt kindly with, by one who evidently seeks not to wound, but reclaim such by affectionate and persuasive means.

B. B. Mussey, Cornhill, Boston, is the publisher.

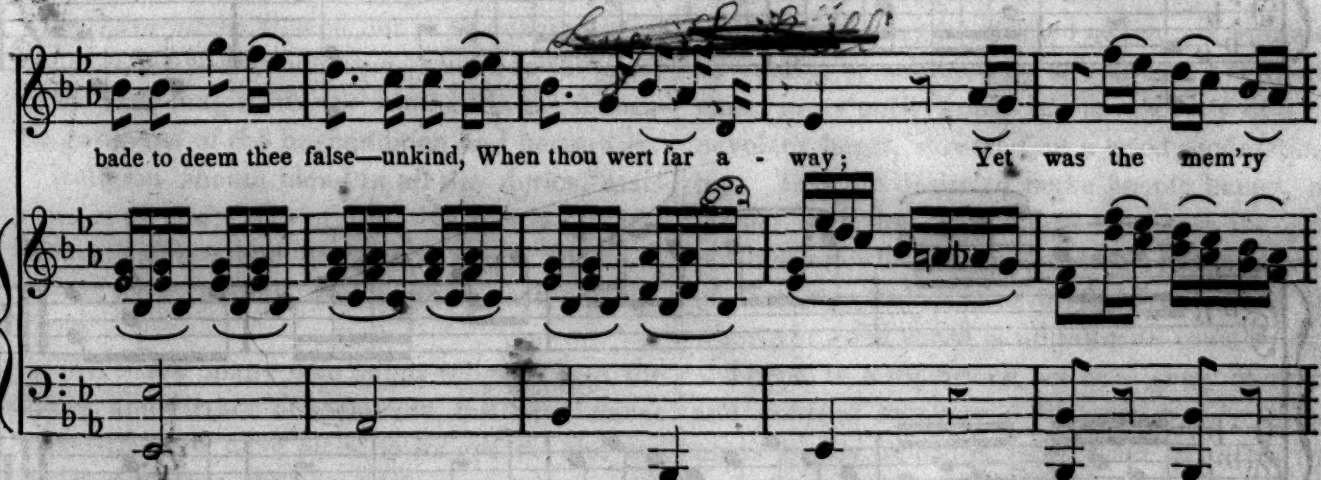
**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of an excellent article from the pen of Br. L. C. Browne, of Fort Plain, N. Y., which will appear in our next. We hope this is but the prelude to more favors from Br. Browne, who ever holds the pen of a ready writer, inditing a good matter. — We have been made exceedingly glad by the receipt of a beautiful story written with all the delicacy of a female pen, entitled 'Annette Lee.' It will be given in our next; and we would observe to the writer, that we should be happy to hear from her again, and receive assurance that 'S. C. E.' will regularly grace our pages. Our readers will perceive that we are favored with several communications in this No. from female writers, and hope that we shall induce many others to take up the pen for us.



## SONG.

ORIGINAL WORDS, BY M. A. D., HARTFORD.

ANDANTE.





thee a - lone I wept, Yet was the mem'ry of thy love A sacred re - lic

kept: While others sought my smiles to share, For thee a - lone I wept.

2

Long years had past—again we met—  
 And still my heart records,  
 How chill the smile upon thy lip,  
 How cold thine answering words;  
 I strove to school my breaking heart  
 That none its wound might see,  
 And when I smiled on all around  
 My tears were kept for thee.

3

Think not my love can wear away  
 Like sands where waters lave,  
 Or pass like morning mist—dispersed  
 By sunbeams from the wave.  
 Time tries his all-effacing power  
 In vain on love like mine:  
 Though few now win a smile from me  
 Still all my tears are thine.